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WEAK MOMENTS

For six years Sadie Borden had been what the world at large would call a brave little woman and a faithful wife. Brave, because she had never once complained at living in that remote and desolate cottage known as Border Lodge, which stands, orphanlike, on the edge of a dense wood some half mile from the nearest neighbor and a mile from the junction station of Forest Forks. "A faithful," because regardless of the fact that she had found out only too late that she had married the wrong man, she had given to her morose husband Fred, all that a delicate wife of a woman had to give to the man she had wed. Love—the finer, more spiritual kind—sacrifice, tenderness and gracious servitude had been her daily and monthly and yearly contribution to her cruelly unresponsive companion in life.

Six years before, she had to choose between Fred Borden and Bill Cooper the highly respected sheriff, garage wiper and undertaker of Forest Forks. She had chosen unwisely in the eyes of her few acquaintances and equally unwisely down in her own heart, but Fred Borden's faithful wife she was and as his faithful wife she would remain. Then too, the highly respected Bill Cooper, was Fred's friend and held to a manly friendship more sacred than his long since concealed but ever-present love of the one woman in his life, Sadie.

"Fred is a good, honest man, what ever you may say," Sadie would tell herself when the thought of the happiness she had lost occasionally got the better of her during the long hours of solitude.

Then again, Fred had always promised Sadie that they would move to town as soon as his ship came in. And Sadie consoled herself with the sincere belief that each ensuing year was hastening the ship's arrival and that time and time alone was the driving force behind the sails.

Of course, promotion in a bank was slow. But, when Sadie had first met Fred, he was only a floor messenger, taking notes and letters to the various executives, and it was not until he had been promoted to head messenger—with the responsibility of delivering securities to branch banks—that they had decided to get married.

"That's the first big rung in the ladder, sweetie," Fred had said. "It shows I've won their confidence." And Sadie had shared his enthusiasm and had once and for all dismissed Bill Cooper from her heart when she stood before a justice of the peace and became the wife of a potential bank president.

But that was six years ago—seventy-two months, going on seventy-three—and, on the first of each month Sadie had awaited Fred's nightly return with impatience, hoping against hope that, "to-day's the day! Fred'll get his raise." But each time the relentless tick, tick, tick of the clock had said: "No, no, no," and each time the clock had been right.

But Sadie went on hoping; cooking and sewing and thinking waiting—and hoping.

It was one of those tightly frozen bitterly cold nights when intermittent gusts of wind howl out as though it were nature rebuking the elements. As long as the light of day remained Sadie welcomed the doleful tone of the wind. Though sad, it was company of a sort, but, when night descended on the little woods house each creak of the timbered walls was like the hesitating footsteps of some ghostly giant.

"Fred should be here in half an hour. Fred should be here in fifteen minutes. Fred should be here in five minutes," she would say to herself aloud, deriving a definite comfort by assuring herself that Fred would be back. She realized that she had never before been quite so concerned about Fred's arriving home, but attributed her unusual alarm to the unusual on this particular night.

The next time she went into the kitchen it was seven twenty. Fred's train arrived at the junction at seven five; it took him ten minutes to fetch his car from Bill Cooper's barn across from the humble little station and drive the odd mile.

"Fred should be home!"

A violent gust of wind slammed a shutter in the kitchen and a frying pan from a hook on the wall and clattered noisily across the kitchen floor. Sadie, all but screamed as she watched the pan come to rest against the foot of the crude kerotene stove; then, bracing herself as though ashamed of her own weakness, she picked up the pan and placed it carefully upon the sink. She went about preparing Fred's meal.

It was seven thirty. She had just told herself that Fred was ten minutes late when the distant muffled clanking of skid chains on a snowy road made her dash from the kitchen. Before a plush-framed mirror at the side of the front door, she hurriedly tidied her hair. While she waited for the motor of the rattly little car to stop and the doors of the small improvised garage to slam shut she smiled as a reassurance that all

signs of concern had left her face. She heard Fred's familiar footsteps clanking through the snow and then a slight crack from a street car on the front step and she opened the door.

"What a night!" said Fred as he closed the door behind him and leaned over to receive Sadie's customary kiss on the cheek.

"You're like ice, Fred. Come in the kitchen and get warm." Fred bristled in taking off his heavy sheepskin coat. His eyes were glued to a much worn leather brief case which he held tightly clutched in his right hand.

"Come on, Fred, you're like ice," Sadie repeated.

"Yes, all right, all right, but— He again fixed his narrow eyes on the brief case and surveyed the room as if studying its contents.

Sadie asked: "What's the matter, Fred? What's on your mind?"

Fred extended the hand which held the worn leather brief case.

"See this, Sadie?" he said. Sadie had seen the worn leather brief case every morning and every evening for the past six years. It looked no different than usual, save a few drops of melted snow trickling down its shabby sides.

"Yes, Fred, what about it?" answered Sadie.

"Just this," continued Fred as he squeezed the case tightly between his arm and his body. "Inside here is forty grand in negotiable securities to deliver to the Farmers' National in Elkville to-morrow. I brought 'em with me to save going to town in the mornin'. I was just lookin' round to see the best place to stick 'em for the night, that's all."

Sadie's eyes grew large and luminous.

"Forty grand!" she repeated in childish awe. "How d'ye dare do it, Fred? Suppose some one's followed you?"

Fred placed the case on the top of a small chest of drawers and took off his heavy sheepskin coat. He laughed in boastful ridicule.

"What d'ye mean, how do I dare? It's my job, ain't it? And why should any one follow me to-night more'n any other night? The case don't lock no different."

Sadie didn't answer him but watched him place the case in a drawer, and drop the key in an old tobacco tin on top of the chest.

"There! It's safer there 'n in the bank." And he turned to find his wife staring at the drawer. A slight frown clouded her thin face.

"What's the matter with you? You look scared," he said with unpleasant severity.

Sadie twitched.

"Oh, I don't know Fred. It seems so sorta dangerous to—"

"Never mind what it seems," he snapped disagreeably. "You just shove off in the kitchen and get my dinner. I'm starved!"

Sadie was used to Fred's crude demands.

"All right, Fred. Your slippers are in the usual place, and I cleaned your pipe."

Fred grunted, watched his wife disappear into the kitchen, and after staring a few seconds at the chest, picked up his pipe from the mantel. He looked closely at it as if reassuring himself that it had been really cleaned. Then he stuffed it with some tobacco from a glass jar and lit it, puffing spasmodically.

He didn't change into his slippers which were neatly paired on the floor by the side of the brick hearth. Instead, he kicked them out of the way and proceeded to poke the smoldering fire up with the end of a long stick of wood. This done, he glanced once more toward the chest, approached it slowly, tipped the key out of the tobacco tin and opened the drawer.

Sadie called from the kitchen: "Coffee with your supper Fred, or after?"

"Yes," he answered.

Sadie understood his vagueness—it was habitual—and went about her routine rather than question him again.

Fred returned to the fireplace and sank into the one comfortable chair in the room—Fred's chair, as Sadie had wished to call it.

"Sadie!" he called, after relighting his pipe.

"Yes, Fred."

"How'd you like to move to town?" Sadie rushed into the room wiping her hands on her apron; her face was aglow with excitement.

"Are they goin' to give you a raise, honey?" She asked the question with such eagerness that it begged an affirmative answer.

Fred waved her enthusiasm away with his hand.

"Now you don't have to get all het up, I'm askin' you the question." Sadie's face dropped.

"You know how I feel about it, Fred. You know I never been overhappy here, except o' course when you're home. But, you see, you're away so much that—"

"I know, I know, but why am I away so much? Ask yourself that. It's for you, isn't it?"

"Sure Fred, but tell me, did they hint something?"

Fred studied the question between drags on his pipe.

"Not exactly hint, but I just sort

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o' got a idea." Then quickly changing the subject, he added: "But didn't I say I was very hungry? Where's my supper?"

Sadie returned to the kitchen as quickly as she had come out. A new hope was kindled within her. She resumed her work with a light heart and put an extra spoonful of coffee in the pot.

Five minutes later, Sadie re-entered the room with a steaming plate. She found Fred counting the securities. He looked up suddenly, but on seeing his wife he laughed—a nervous, almost guilty sort of laugh.

"Put them things away now, Fred," urged Sadie, "or you won't eat a bit. It's had enough knowin' they're in the house without seepin' 'em."

He put the case back in the drawer and closed the drawer, but did not lock it.

"Awright, sweetie. I just wanted to make sure," he said agreeably.

"Sweetie!" He hadn't called her "sweetie" for at least two years. He must have been given more than just a hint! Sadie's heart beat with happiness.

They ate silently, each thinking his own thoughts. The wind was now a melody to Sadie; the creaking of the little frame house, a tangle of obligation.

"Then maybe we can go to the pitchers once or twice a week, Fred, eh?" Sadie ended her thought in these words.

"What pitchers? Oh yeah, sure!" Sadie looked over the brim of her cup at Fred as she sipped her coffee. He was munching a large crust of bread and his eyes were set with a glassy stare upon his empty plate. Sadie felt sure he was formulating a speech in his mind; probably, a men-

(Continued on Page Seven)

Musical Crusaders to Resume Travels

With its network of twenty-six broadcasting stations linking Halifax, Nova Scotia, with Victoria, B.C., the Canadian Pacific Railway hour of music on Friday evenings gives a very complete coverage of Canadian radio listeners. The programmes planned for the winter season 1931-1932 will consist chiefly of musical travelogues, interpreting the music of various European and Mediterranean countries. Programmes on similar lines were provided last winter by the celebrated Ensemble known as the Musical Crusaders, and these



ALFRED HEATHER for the coming season as being useful as well as entertaining.

This has necessitated a vast amount of research which has been undertaken for the Canadian Pacific Radio department by George M. Brewer, well-known organist and composer of Montreal. Each hour of music includes approximately 20 selections, so that for the series of 13 musical travelogues which has been planned, Mr. Brewer has had to select a total of 360 numbers, each with its special interest and each illustrating some particular phase of the country concerned.

These musical travelogues will be interpreted by the Musical Crusaders, under the direction of Alfred Heather, assisted by Rex Battle's Royal York Concert Orchestra, supported by a specially designed studio organ built by J. E. Pepin, of Montreal. There will also be guest artists of various nationalities for certain of the programmes.

This series commences on October 2, with a programme of music from Norway, followed on October 9 by a programme of Danish and Icelandic music. There will be programmes of Spanish, French and German music, and concerts illustrating the music of Sweden, Finland, Italy, Belgium, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Turkey, Poland, Hungary, Egypt, Scotland and Ireland. Interspersed in these musical travelogues will be other general programmes—for instance, a programme of music rendered by a choir in London, Ontario, on November 20. This series of programmes will be of great educational interest as well as being highly entertaining, and will undoubtedly prove one of the major attractions of the coming season.



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HOT OVEN REQUIRED

FOR BAKING BISCUITS

One of the most common causes of failure in making biscuits is the oven temperature. Biscuits require a hot oven. A slow oven dries out the biscuits and they do not rise as well. A hot oven makes the biscuits rise quickly and they have a nice, soft crust.

Biscuits should be made from a very moist dough. Biscuits which are patted out instead of being rolled are always lighter. Those that are made very moist and dropped from a spoon in place of being rolled out, are even lighter. Handle the dough as little as possible, and if the rolling pin is used, press very lightly. Do not turn the dough over while rolling out the biscuits, as this makes them tough. The biscuits which are made from the second rolling are never as light as the first rolling. This provides that the more biscuits are handled, the tougher they will be.

In mixing the dry ingredients, they should be sifted three times. This mixes the ingredients thoroughly and removes all lumps and specks. In addition, considerable air is added to the mixture. This assists the leavening agent in making the biscuits light. The air expands when the biscuits are out in the oven and the flour mixture rises.

Milk or water can be added as the liquid. Butter or shortening may be used as the fat. A mixture of the two is good. If cream can be used the amount of fat can be reduced. The farm woman who has her own cream, crock and a splendid chance to make light, rich biscuits.

Soda and sour milk are considered by many to make better biscuits than sweet milk and baking powder. For soda the rule is—use one half teaspoon soda for each cup of sour milk. If too much soda is used the biscuits are yellow in color and have a disagreeable taste. For baking powder use two tablespoons of baking

powder for each cup of flour.

The basic recipe for biscuits can be used in making some delightful desserts. Recipes for two of these are given. Biscuit dough can also be used in the making of apple dumplings. Complete directions for making these dumplings can be secured by writing to me. Use the coupon at the bottom of the article.

APPLE COBBLER

Wash, peel and slice enough apples to fill a baking dish three-fourths full. Make a rich baking powder biscuit dough and have it soft enough to stir, rather than roll out. Spread over the top of the apples which have been sweetened to taste. Make some cuts in the crust to allow the steam to escape. Bake for 40 to 45 minutes.

DUTCH APPLE CAKE

2 to 3 apples
1/4 cup sugar
1 tablespoon butter
Cinnamon or nutmeg
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
3 tablespoons shortening
1/2 teaspoon salt
2/3 cup milk

Mix and sift the flour, baking powder and salt. Rub in the shortening. Add the milk. Roll out the biscuit dough, having it from 1/4 to 1/2 inches thickness.

Peel and core the apples. Cut them in thin slices. Press into the dough. Sprinkle with sugar and spice. Dot with butter. Bake.

Household Hints

Store your jars of preserves away from the light, so that the fruit does not lose its color.

Avoid overloading the washing machine. A small quantity of clothes is cleaned more easily and there is less strain on the machine.

Treat your linoleum at regular intervals with wax, varnish, or shellac. It is not only easier to keep the floors clean, but the linoleum wears much longer.

Dear Alice Stevens:

7-10.

Please send me the directions for making apple dumplings.

Name

Address

Thumb Sketches

Up-to-date

IT'S great, and commendable to be up-to-date, even up-to-the-minute, in the things that we think that we wear, that we do—mostly, but not always. There are exceptions to most statements such as this and there are a lot of exceptions to this one.

Science of course during the last decade or so has been making wonderful strides. Society has been the beneficiary. Society continues to profit by the research in the field of providing food and fodder for the world's millions—the World's Grain Exhibition and Conference to be held at Regina in 1932—the first great world-wide exhibition and conference ever held at any time in the interest exclusively of grain and seed. While being up-to-date along these lines—and many others—is surely commendable it is a bit doubtful at least if the stamp of similar commendation should be placed upon some others.

Medical men, sanitary engineers, manufacturers, technical and practical men of all kinds plan national and international gatherings for the purpose of pooling the results of their discoveries and giving to the world the best they have to offer.

The tiller of the "top six inches" is abreast of the rest. He, too, has planned a great world-wide conference upon the problems of food crop production—a sort of pooling of the beneficial results of research in the field of providing food and fodder for the world's millions—the World's Grain Exhibition and Conference to be held at Regina in 1932—the first great world-wide exhibition and conference ever held at any time in the interest exclusively of grain and seed. While being up-to-date along these lines—and many others—is surely commendable it is a bit doubtful at least if the stamp of similar commendation should be placed upon some others.

"We are adopting a more sensible attitude towards love," says a modern writer. "We have learned to stem sentiment, to treat romance with common sense, to be normal about emotion."

Just so, but has not ultra-modernism lost much of its hold upon something of infinitely greater value? Are not the kisses of too many girls too cheap—too shoddily cheap. Are not necking and innuendo love making taking up too much of the evening programme? Does not modern familiarity with the person breed contempt? Are we not losing the delicate charm and courtliness of other days? Isn't the "it" element of human nature so constantly before us as to become common—common in its original sense? Are we not, in sentiment and romance, paying too much attention to the things that are transitory and selfish? Is there not much solid opinion to say "yes" to these and a lot of other questions of like nature? If the ultra-modernist really understood sentiment, romance and emotion better and rid these of a great deal of the up-to-dateness there would not be so many broken engagements, so many hurtful flirtations, so many tragic marriages and so many disastrous divorces—a dust heap and refuse dump that soils and stench the whole fabric of modern society.



WITHOUT HANDGUFFS

(Continued from last week)

"Trump!" Sim Benson called. The big fellow, heavy-eyed from a quick awakening, soon stood at the bedside of the wounded man.

"There's someone at the door," said Sim.

The heaviness in Trump's eyes gave way to alertness. He tiptoed back into his room. In a moment he was back at Sim's side, whispering hoarsely:

"My gun's gone. I can't find my gun. It ain't in my room."

"Take time. In that drawer there's the top one."

Trump's swift, hidden, went through the drawer. They went through other drawers, but they encountered no gun. The bank robbers stared at one another.

"Call Sylvia," he said sharply. "Tell her to come here."

The young wife, frightened, soon came into the room.

"Sylvia," said Sim, "have you sneaked our guns away?"

She drew a little away, and swallowed a lump in her throat with an effort. She nodded and replied:

"Yes, I took the guns, Sim. I took them out a few nights ago, and threw them in the river. I—"

"That probably finishes me," Sim cut in. "See who's at the door, Trump. Let him in, whoever he is. If there is going to be a fight, have it inside the apartment, not in the hall."

"Sure thing," said Trump.

"Take Phoebe with you. She can help some. Sylvia, you stay here with me."

All was silent as Trump and Phoebe went to the door. Sylvia stood in Sim's bedroom and presently turned to him.

"I couldn't stand it, Sim—having the guns here. I—I was afraid some one would come hunting for you, and that you and Trump might shoot. Murder and—"

"It might mean prison for me."

"That's better than murder, Sim. I couldn't bear the thought of your killing a man. If—if you go to prison Sim, I'll wait for you."

He said nothing, but continued to stare at the open bedroom door, waiting for some sign or word from beyond. Though he was much recovered, Sim Benson was not able to get up yet. He had to lie there on his back and take whatever was in store.

The fight in the library started with no warning to those in the bedroom there had been no sound Trump and Phoebe had let in whoever was at the door and had postponed the attack until they got back into the library. The fury of the combat was not lost upon Sim and Sylvia. They waited almost breathlessly.

Phoebe was the first to appear. She had been in the fight and a sleeve was torn out of her dressing gown.

"The cops," she whispered hoarsely. "They've got Trump down—got the handcuffs on him!"

Sim Benson's head fell back onto the pillow. Sylvia wept hysterically, and fell to her knees at her husband's bedside begging forgiveness for having removed the guns.

"It's all right," said Sim. "It's all right, Sylvia. I can take my medicine without making a face."

Sim Benson saw no more of Trump, Radibeau. Trump was taken away by one of the officers. The other remained to take charge of Sim Benson. It turned out that his name was Hucklin, of the New Jersey State police, a big fellow in plain clothes, who proved to be very accommodating. After all he'd nothing to fear from the man in bed and quickly he seemed to sense that the wife of this bank robber was an outsider in the life he lived and would be the chief sufferer in the fate that had overtaken the household.

Sim realized that there was no loophole by which he might escape. Trump Radibeau had been positively identified as one of the bank robbers and he had been caught in Sim's apartment. The police would take one look at Sim and swear that he was the man who seemed to be the leader of the mob. Furthermore, the wound that he bore in his chest and the secrecy he had maintained about it were but clinchers to the indictment that would be brought.

They were handing out stiff sentences these days. He would probably draw anywhere from ten years on upward. But Sim took his medicine like a man, and he appreciated the consideration of Hucklin.

"You're a prisoner," Hucklin told him. "but I don't want to move you yet. You're a little weak. I'll get another officer to relieve me, and we will make ourselves to home here—if you would rather have it that way then go to a prison ward in some hospital."

"I'd like it here better," said Sim. And so it was arranged.

Sim came to understand that Hucklin and his partner in the three weeks that had elapsed since the robbery and the gun fight, had traced Sim's car. In the absence of the license numbers, knowing only that it bore New York tags, they had gotten from dealers a list of every car of that model sold for several months. One by one they ran them down, and in this process of elimination came upon the name and address of Sim Benson. They started in on him with out any hope that he was the man, but developments spurred them on. For one thing, there were the coverings and goings of Doc Banks. They shadowed him and learned that he was a doctor; and furthermore, that he had a shady reputation—just the sort of a doctor a wounded crook might call in. From attendants, they got a description of Sim Benson. It fitted with that of the man known to have been shot. When they got a look at Trump Radibeau, they knew they had come to the right place.

A clever piece of detective work, Sim agreed, yet he had regarded the task of tracing his car as almost hopeless. Yet it was plain it had not been hopeless. Was he not a prisoner and were not the officers on guard—Hucklin and his partner?

There were certain restrictions. Sim was not permitted to read the newspapers. He was in ignorance as to what was happening in the pursuit of Ed Feeney and the fourth man in the mob, Hucklin was making no chances on Sim slipping messages into the underworld. Phoebe was not allowed to leave the apartment.

But Sim and his wife did have long talks, in the presence of one of the officers. Doc Banks was allowed to come and go but never to have a private word with his patient.

It was too late now, but Sim and Sylvia did talk of what they would have done if the officers had not kept upon them. Gazing ahead to the prison that would swallow him within a few short weeks, Sim Benson, crook, never before arrested, wondered why he had thought he could never give up the big money that came from his nocturnal expeditions.

He had thought of going straight many times, he said, but could not resist the lure of big money. The thought of living on his salary had appalled him. Well, his salary and the cheap little apartment, it meant good to him now—looked much brighter than did the four grey walls of the New Jersey prison.

"Too bad you weren't pinched early in the game," Hucklin said. Hucklin listened in on much of Sim's talk with his wife. "You had too easy money and no pinches."

That was right. It took a pinch to make a crook see straight. It was that way with Sim anyhow. And what had he left? Nothing—almost nothing. Easy money was soon spent. The Valet job had produced nothing. They had been chased away just as the vault was opened.

Sylvia had sold the furniture in this luxurious apartment. Much of it had been taken away and the remainder would go as soon as they took Sim away. Sylvia had taken a small, cheap furnished apartment in Brooklyn, and she would have to get a job.

"But I'll be waiting for you," she promised over and over. "If it's twenty years, I'm, I'll be waiting."

Sim was getting sadder, and dreading the day of his removal. Hucklin was considerate about that also.

"If you won't fight extradition," he said, "we'll stick you in a car and run you over to Jersey quietly—with no fuss that will draw a crowd around the house. It will be a lot easier on your wife."

"I won't fight extradition."

"What good would it do him?"

"We can slip you away at night."

Hucklin explained. "Why, we might even take you over to Brooklyn, and let you see where your wife's going to live."

These officers knew men when they saw them. They were taking the proper course with Sim Benson—putting him on his honor, in a way. He'd play square with a dick that played square with him.

The night came when Doc Banks pronounced Sim Benson able to stand an auto trip. The police doctors in New Jersey would look after him when he got over there. But first there was the trip to Sylvia's furnished apartment in Brooklyn. The young husband and wife would say good-by there and then Sim would start for New Jersey, and prison.

He rode, without handcuffs, on the back seat between Hucklin and Sylvia. The other officer drove the car. All four went into the apartment.

"Now we'll give you five minutes alone with your wife, Sim," said Hucklin. "We'll be in the hall, just outside the door."

"Thanks," said Sim.

In that precious five minutes, they discussed plans for the future. There were no pens for Sim to make. The State of New Jersey would make his plans for many years to come. But Sylvia did tell about her prospects for supporting herself and of one or

two jobs that she had been offered. Sim pulled out his watch.

"I've got just thirty seconds, Sylvia. I'm going to play square with those cops."

They fell into a fervent embrace, and Sylvia Benson had to tear herself away. Sylvia remained exactly where she was, in the middle of the tiny living room, surrounded by furnishings a striking contrast to the home she had just left in Riverdale Drive. Yet it seemed a palace to Sim Benson. If only—

"My five minutes are up, Sylvia."

She said nothing. Her back was to the door off whose knob Sim's hand rested. He turned it, and stepped into the hall.

"All right Hucklin, I'm ready."

But Hucklin was nowhere in sight. Neither was the other officer.

Sim looked back into the apartment.

"They must have gone down to the street, Sylvia. They're not here—"

"Come on back, and wait for them, Sim."

"No, I'll look for them. Say!" he suddenly demanded, as Sylvia turned her face to him and a light blazed in his brain. "What's the game? Where's Hucklin and—"

"They've gone away, Sim, and they won't be back."

"You mean—you mean—"

"Yes, Sim. You're no longer a prisoner. You'll stay here with me, won't you, Sim, and we'll get along on what ever salary you can earn?"

"Yes—sure, certainly!" he replied. "But it's a frame-up, Sylvia. It's a frame-up, isn't it? Those fellows—"

Hucklin, that other cop—they're not cops at all."

"You're right, Sim. They aren't cops. They're friends of Phoebe and Trump Radibeau. Phoebe and Trump felt sorry for me, Sim. They knew I'd never stand—being the wife of a crook. So we let you stand face to face with prison for a couple of weeks. We thought that might make you see things as they are."

"I'm certainly glad, Sylvia. It's certainly fine. I'm not arrested, eh? Where's Trump?"

"He's out West somewhere. Ed Feeney has left too. Phoebe and all your friends say there isn't a chance in a thousand of your being taken for the New Jersey robbery. If you will only go straight from now on—"

Oh, I know you will! I knew it when I took a tank of giving Hucklin the slip when he left you alone here. If you had tried anything like that, I should have left you. I was so afraid that you'd think of it, and that—"

Of course, I couldn't think of a thing like that, Sylvia. And I couldn't think of giving you the slip now," he added. "I guess that means I'll have to go straight."

*** The extra help and cooking at harvest time always increases the fire risks. If your insurance is not in good order see Joe Welch and have it fixed up at once. Phone 57.

YOUR FRIENDS AND "FOLKS-AT-HOME" WANT A TANGIBLE REMINDER OF YOUR THOUGHTFULNESS AND LOVE AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE; A PRINTED SYMBOL OF YOUR REMEMBRANCE..... SOMETHING THAT APPEALS TO THEIR EYE AND STIRS THEM TO APPRECIATION! AND THAT'S FLASHY.

WE HAVE IT AT A VERY LITTLE COST TO YOU. ALLOW US TO SHOW YOU OUR BEAUTIFUL DISPLAY OF

PERSONAL GREETING CARDS

THIS YEAR WE ARE SHOWING THE CELEBRATED TOOTHILLS SERIES. CALL AT THE STAR OFFICE OR PHONE AND HAVE THE SAMPLE BOOK BROUGHT TO YOUR HOME. PRICED LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE; IN KEEPING WITH THE TIMES!

The Wainwright Star

Phone 45



THIS book has been written especially for the farmer by one who knows the farmer's problems. It is practical, helpful and useful.

Our purpose is to help the farmer, and we shall be glad to give you a free copy upon request. Ask for one or use this advertisement as a coupon.

If you have a business problem to discuss, the Manager will be glad to talk it over with you—confidentially, of course.

The Royal Bank of Canada

Wainwright Branch

W. J. O'Callaghan, Manager

1931

Hall To Rent
For Lodge Meetings, Social Gatherings, Etc.
The new I.O.O.F. Hall is available for rental on Moderate Terms every convenience; well lighted and heated—Apply Star Office for prices and terms



BEAR YE!
BEAR YE!

PROFESSIONAL

LEGAL

J. A. MAACKENZIE

Barriester, Solicitor
Notary Public

MAIN ST. WAINWRIGHT

M. G. CARDELL
BARRISTER — SOLICITOR

Notary Public, Commissioner

Money to Loan

BILLING BLOCK

Main St. Wainwright

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H. O. WALLACE M.D., C.M.

Physician and Surgeon

Post Graduate of Montreal and
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Phone 68

Wainwright - Alta.

Dr. GORDON MAYNES

Physician & Surgeon

Surgery & Diseases of Women

Phones 61 and 114

Office adjoining Standard Pharmacy

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

J. C. McLEOD & SON

Funeral Directors and Embalmers.
Complete stock of funeral supplies.
Prompt and Careful attention ex-
pressed.

Main Street Wainwright

AUCTIONEER

J. W. STUART

Auctioneer

Licensed for the Prov. of Alberta

Phone 32 P.O. Box 88

WAINWRIGHT - ALTA.

DENTAL

DR. H. L. COURSIER

Dental Surgeon

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MAIN ST. WAINWRIGHT

MR. CHAS. LILLY

Teacher of

PIANOFORTE

(Theory and Counterpoint)

Pupils may start at any time

QUEEN STREET OR

P. O. Box 97 Wainwright.

*** Insure your threshing machines
with Joe Welch. Let him carry the
risk; it costs but little.

*** Lumber and material prices are
all greatly reduced at the Atlas yard.
Do your building and repairing NOW

CLASSIFIED ADVERTS

For 25 words or under, 50c for
1 insertion, 3 insertions \$1; 10c
for every additional 5 words. Cash
with order.

FOR SALE

Premier half-plate Camera (East-
man) for sale cheap.—Box 9
Wainwright.

LOST

Mink Choker lost in or around town.
Finder please return to Mrs. Alex.
Horne or leave at the Star office. x

Lost last week on road going north
from Edgerton, about 21 miles east
of Wainwright, Gent's Brown Wool-
en Vest, containing Waltham Gold
Watch, (No. known) Chain and
Cigar cutter. — Finder well re-
warded by return to Star Office or
to W. M. Pearce, 2014, 17th Avenue
East, Calgary. 7-2d.

WANTED

A man of good standing and influence
to take orders from the trade in
Wainwright. Big commission. News
Publishing Company Ltd., Truro,
N.S.

Wanted: at once, a Young Woman to
solicit orders for Personal Christ-
mas Cards in spare time. If inter-
ested, enquire for details at The
Star office, Wainwright, at once.

The Wainwright Star

W. J. HUNTINGFORD

Editor and Publisher

Published Every Wednesday Morning

at The Star Building, Main Street, Wainwright, Alberta.

Subscriptions
To Subscribers in the 40-mile ra-
dius 2.00 per year; other post office
points, Canada \$2.50 per year; United
States, England & Foreign Countries
3.00 per year. All strictly in advance

Advertising Rates
Contract rates supplied on applica-
tion.
Classified, strayed, etc. not exceed-
ing 25 words 50c for first insertion;
three insertions for \$1.00 strictly pay-
able in advance.

Legal and Municipal Advertising
15 cents per line for first insertion
and 10 cents per line for each sub-
sequent issue.

Transient Advtg.—Cash with Order

All changes for Contract advertise-
ments will be inserted till forbid and
charged for accordingly.

Accounts rendered monthly

WAINWRIGHT, ALBERTA OCTOBER 7th, 1931

CLEANLINESS A
BUSINESS BUILDER

The man is still living but I would
not like to use his name without per-
mission although I do not think he
would resent the liberty. He is still
in business although he might not
have been but for the incident which
I am about to relate. He thought
that he had a grievance against the
editor and he made for the printing
office to relieve his feelings. This was
his first visit to the office under my
regime and he was struck with the
transformation that he forgot
"his words." However, we spent the
forenoon in the office together and a
very pleasant forenoon it turned out
to be. He expressed his delight with
the attractive appearance of the of-
fice and I tried to explain to him how
much more could be accomplished in
a clean, sweet smelling, well arranged
office. He went back to his store
sold on the idea that every move
should be made to count. Within a
few days a striking transformation
had taken place in his office and quick-
ly spread through the whole estab-
lishment. He concluded that the size
of his ad was not in keeping with the
size of his business and the space
was increased. For his envelopes a
rubber stamp had been used for years.
In this connection he said "I fear that
this rubber stamp leaves a poor im-
pression with our customers." Now
he uses printed envelopes. This man
is now a valuable customer and he
got the inkling from a well-kept print-
ing office.

"STOVE OR
NO STOVE"

Here's a little story with a moral.
It has to do with an old record of
an eastern Ontario church. A heated
argument had gone on for some time
in this church, over the question of
installing a stove. It was a case of
"Stove or no stove." The "stove" side
won, and on a memorable Saturday
afternoon the stove was installed.
Next day the head of the stove party
arrived and warmed his mittened
hands, turned every part of his body
to the stove and then, contented, sat
down in his pew. In came Mrs. Peck,
head of the anti-stove element in the
church. She sniffed at the stove which
she had averred would so heat the
place that the women would faint. In
a few minutes Mrs. Peck fainted. She
was carried out but revived without
water when someone remarked that
it was too bad they couldn't have a
fire in the stove the first day, as
the grate bars had not arrived.

One's mental attitude toward con-
ditions counts for just as much to-
day as they did when Mrs. Peck fainted.
Things are going to be pretty
much as we think they are, regardless
of the "grate bars." Business may
be good, very good, or bad, very bad,
during the next few months. And it
won't do any harm to rattle, work
harder than ever, and look upon the
brightest side, if possible.—Hanna
Herald.

CONCERNING
OURSELVES

During the past two years we have
tried several methods to reach our
delinquent subscribers. We have not
been very successful.
In fact, many have been sore at
our efforts. We have notified them
time and again when their subscrip-
tion expired, we have had special
offers but neither have had the de-
sired results. We are in the same
position as the merchants and dealers
and unless we get paid for what
we sell we cannot indefinitely stay in
business. For some time we have
made no special effort to collect sub-
scriptions, thinking and hoping that
conditions would improve and give a
better opportunity to get in past due
subscriptions.

However, the time has come when
we must attend to these arrears and
after going over the list thoroughly
we have come to the conclusion that
personal appeal should be made. A local
representative or collector has been
appointed and has been provided
with a list of all subscribers who are
two years and over in arrears, he has
the date on which your paper expires
and can tell you definitely the amount
of your arrears. All we ask is fair
treatment, you have had the paper
and we are no more able to give

away our stock-in-trade than is the
merchant able to give you sugar or
the gangster, gas.

You never expect to get even, a
package of tacks from the stores with
out paying for them, why should some
expect to get off without paying for
The Star after having received it four
or five years and when we endeavor
to collect for value received, refuse
the paper and expect to get off by
saying they never ordered it in the
first place. They'd take the paper
for 20 years and have the same ar-
gument when approached for pay-
ment. If you do not want the paper,
say so, but pay for what you have
had. It is not our fault that you have
neglected the matter for so long. We
get hot under the collar when we
think how some people try to put it
over us in this business of subscrip-
tion arrears.

But we don't want you to get man-
aged we ask is our just due, please
remember this when our representa-
tive approaches you.

REDUCING
TAXES

Talk's cheap, so we can all talk.
But how can taxes be reduced? Ev-
erybody is clamoring for better roads,
better public buildings, better every-
thing. They want everything ever
thought of, then when tax-paying day
arrives they all beef and whine like
sick dogs. Take our own county for
illustration. Run over to the court
house the next time the commissioners
are in session, and take a look.

You will find the court house packed
with people, delegations from about
every section of the country, all clam-
oring, pushing and cat-hauling to get
to the commissioners, and all asking
for appropriations for this and
that. If the commissioners would
listen and heed the requests from the
people there would not be as much as
a red copper left in the county treas-
ury in four hours. It's the same in
congress, the same in the state leg-
islature, delegates galore, all asking
for money. If the congress, the leg-
islature, and the commissioners were
not hard-boiled, and refuse much of
the demands for money, the county
would be bankrupt in twenty-four
hours. Let's be reasonable. At least
to the extent of being more sane in
our demands upon "the governing
boards."—LeSueur News-Herald, Min-
nesota.

PERSONAL GREETING CARDS

The Star has received samples of
Personal Greeting Cards and now has
these on display at the office, where
inquiries regarding same are invited.
The lines in the sample books cover
cards for every phase of life—Per-
sonal, Business or Professional—and
will be sure to please you no matter
what you desire in the way of per-
sonal greeting cards for Christmas.
A comparatively small number of
people in the town have a chance to
purchase anything through their
printer, so this is your chance, which
will prove of mutual benefit to both.
The prices are lower this year, and
the cards may be obtained in any
quantities at no more than you would
pay for plain cards. Why be bothered
with door-to-door peddlers. These
are not taxpayers, or even, in many
cases residents of Wainwright. Buy
Printing from the printer and be as-
sured of satisfaction. We will gladly
send a sample book for your perusal;
phone 45.

CANADIAN SEED BEST
WHEN GROWING PEAS

In view of the rapidly growing im-
portance of both garden and canning
peas as a commercial crop the Do-
minion Seed Branch, urge the econ-
omic value in using Canadian grown
seed.

Success in growing garden and can-
ning peas depends in large meas-
ure upon the quality of the seed used.
Disappointing results have at times
been experienced with this crop in
Canada in that poor stands have
been obtained owing to poor germina-
tion in the field. This applies par-
ticularly to certain lots of imported
seed which, though they germinate
sufficiently well in the test laboratory
to warrant their importation, did not
do nearly so well under field condi-

tions and in some instances actually
resulted in crop failures.

The failures are thought to be due
to seed-borne diseases resulting prob-
ably from seed of that kind having
been grown too constantly on the
same ground or in the same area.

Crops from Canadian-grown seed
have, in contrast, been remarkably
free of disease and have accordingly
produced greatly superior stands.

These results suggest the possi-
bility of materially developing the pro-
duction of vegetable seeds, and par-
ticularly seed of garden and canning
peas, under disease-free conditions in
Canada, and also the desirability of
Canadian seedmen to their own coun-
try as a source of supply.

This industry is becoming well es-
tablished in Ontario, Southern Al-
berta, and British Columbia.

HOW MY WORLD WAGS

"Recital given in Toronto by negro
coloratura soprano." That's the only
kind of soprano a negro should sing.
"Canada to coin her own money."
Will take over the Royal Mint. No
there's a home industry we are wail-
ing to patronize.

Summer homes around Montreal
were lifted off foundations by storm.
Trouble with this age is not enough
ballast in the homes.

A Norwegian freighter is bring-
ing a cargo of Chinese coal to Halifax.
Why? Oh, just another of those Chin-
ese puzzles.

A Hamilton, Petro Palumbo was
pinched by the police for privately
planting a potent potato in a peck
of peppers. Would that make them
pickled peppers?

Conference of Pentecostal Assem-
bles of Canada condemns "dollar" day
services, at which each attendant is
expected to contribute this amount.
Makes those who can't afford it feel
colorful.

A tramp at Orillia swam out and
captured a wild duck hiding in the
water weeds. That duck had no duck
less genes.

Chinese woman in Vancouver ar-
rested and charged with having in
her possession 165 tins of opium. An
other proof of the charge that now-
adays everybody lives out of time.

Six thousand Oddfellows paraded
Winnipeg. Gay floats and brilliant uni-
forms made the procession a riot of
color. Thought those color riots were
confined to the States.

"Eighty-eight per cent. increased
demand for canoes in Canada, due to
American tourists' desire to get ac-
quainted with Canadian waterways."
So, after all it wasn't the hard stuff
they were trying to get acquainted
with.

Squirrel swimming across Chats
Lake climbed aboard an Arrprior
man's canoe, and got a ride to shore.
While lots of guys who are all wet
are nuttier than squirrels. Instead of
climbing on the water wagon they
just keep swimming around. It is not
a case with them of Barik's is willing
but Bacchus's is swilling.

"Sudbury mayor negates motion
passed censuring him for engaging
steam shovel."

O charming! steam shovel
With sweet airen voice!
No longer thy love'll
My fond heart rejoice!

Thou causest d'ssension
Twixt Council and Mayor.
O horrid invention,
Avant! Scoot for fair!

Side Shows
Just been to see the curiosities of
one of Ontario's Agricultural Exhi-
bitions. The giant had a sort of super
ior air. Looked as if he'd always moved
in high society. And when he
spoke it was sure tall talk.

The fat man seemed to be just
wasting away. He had a 98 waist.
Like Tennessee he could saffy say:
"I am part of all that I have met."
Yes, and then some.

The bearded lady was sandy-com-
plexioned. No wonder, with so much
spinach. She was beautiful as a hay
field. There is a garden in her face.
as the poet says. Sort of hanging gar-
den.

The midgets were named Tip and
Mite. We little know what they'd be
called for short. They had lots of
small talk. Very fine fellows. Mem-
bers of the Wee Free's in Scotland.
They couldn't do any stunts but they
were stunts enough themselves.

THE COUNTRY FAIR
We didn't go so much to see
The horses, pigs or cows;
The flowers, fruits or vegetables;
Harrows, churns or ploughs.

We didn't go so much to hear
The singing or reciting;
The village band, the member's speech
Or other things inviting.

We didn't go to wander in
The midway or Arena.
Or funny shows that make you laugh
Like any old hyena.

Oh no! We mainly went to meet
With Tom and Jack and Annie;
To crack w' Sandy, yarn wid Mike,
And laugh with Kate and Fannie.

Dean D. Hurmady

CANADA'S WHEAT CROP

The 1931 wheat crop of Canada is
officially estimated at 27,410,000
bushels, of which 246,000,000 bushels
will come from the three Prairie
Provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan

and while the prices of farm products
are low it would be more difficult for
you to rebuild in case your property
was destroyed by fire. Joe Welch
specializes on fire and auto insurance
Phone 57.

PUBLIC NOTICE

TOWN OF WAINWRIGHT

Notice to Relatives of Person
on the Assessment Roll &
to Tenants.

Notice is hereby given that during
the months of September and Octo-
ber, applications may be made under
the provisions of section 204 of The
Town Act for inclusion on the voters'
list of the Town of Wainwright.

The wife, husband, father and
mother and every son and daughter
of any person whose name appears
upon the assessment roll are entitled
to be placed upon the said list—

(a) if he or she is resident with
the said person within the town or
assists him in a business in respect of
which he is taxable; and

(b) if he or she is of the full age
of twenty-one years; and

(c) if his or her name does not
already appear on the roll; and

(d) if he or she duly makes ap-
plication in accordance with the notice.

All tenants who have rented an as-
sessed parcel for a period of twelve
months immediately preceding the
last day of August of this year, and
who duly make application during
the months of September and Octo-
ber, are entitled to be placed upon
the said list.

By order
N. S. KENNY, sec. treas.
9-9-7-10
Town of Wainwright

and Alberta, according to figures re-
ceived by the Agricultural Depart-
ment of the Canadian National Rail-
ways at Winnipeg. This year's crop
is 126,472,000 bushels below that of
last year. The largest production of
wheat in 1931 is credited to the pro-
vince of Alberta, with 119,100,000 bush-
els, followed by Saskatchewan with
101,300,000 bushels and Manitoba
with 26,000,000.

Production of other grain is also
less in Canada this year than in sev-
eral previous years.

SEPTEMBER'S EMBERS

(By A. K. R.)

The cranes are swinging south across
the heavens.

A blue mist fills the Battle River
dale;

The hills have bared their secrets for
the reading.

For frost has burned to ashen grey
their veil.

But still, between them glow Sep-
tember's embers

Of corn, orange, flame, and golden
glow.

And, drifting downward to the leaden
river.

They lie unquenched upon its sea-
ward flow.

The gaunt trees stand like grey and
ghostly members

Of that gay crowd that thronged the
summer way;

They whisper there above Septem-
ber's embers,

Of happiness; a future summer day,
I wonder if an old pal still remembers

The dreams we dreamed those Au-
tumn long ago,

And kindles memories by Septem-
ber's embers

That mid far distant hills and val-
leys glow.

MRS. Wm. J. Reynolds

Wainwright, Alberta.

DID YOU KNOW?

Eighty-six women hold licenses as
amateur radio operators in the United
States.

When counting or handling sheets
of paper, moistening the finger tips
with glycerin will aid in quickly sepa-
rating the sheets.

Paint strained several times after
mixing will cover more surface.

Draftsmen will find a piece of
freshly broken glass tubing service-
able as an ink eraser. Hold the tube
almost perpendicular to the paper or
tracing cloth and use the sharp edge
of the broken portion to scrape off the
ink.

Egg whites will remove chewing
gum from hair. Leather chairs rub-
bed with well beaten egg whites and
then polished, shine like new, and the
whipped whites make a substitute
for cream in salad dressings. While
lightly beaten and added to whip-
ped cream, they double the quantity
and improve the flavor.

Spread of gray mold and elimi-
nation of nest decay in storage a-
pears can be prevented by the im-
pregnation of paper wrappers for the
fruit with a copper solution. Great
savings will be made yearly by cover-
ing the pears with this paper.

An automatic sunshine dispenser
emits ultra violet rays when a coin is
deposited.—Popular Mechanics Maga-
zine.

While the prices of farm products
are low it would be more difficult for
you to rebuild in case your property
was destroyed by fire. Joe Welch
specializes on fire and auto insurance
Phone 57.

PUBLIC SALE OF LANDS UNDER THE
TAX RECOVERY ACT, 1929

Municipal District of Gilt Edge, No. 422

Notice is hereby given that, under the provisions of the Tax Recovery
Act 1929, the Municipal District of Gilt Edge No. 422, will offer for sale,
by public auction, in the office of the Municipal District of Gilt Edge
Wainwright, Alberta, on Monday the 2nd day of November, 1931, at 2
o'clock in the afternoon, the following parcels of land:—

Pt. of Sec.	Sec.	Tp.	R.	M.	Pt. of Sec.	Sec.	Tp.	R.	M.
N.W.	4	44	4	4	S.W.	21	46	5	4
S.E.	17	44	4	4	S.W.	22	46	5	4
S.E.	21	44	4	4	N.E.	27	46	5	4
S.E.	25	44	4	4	S.E.	27	46	5	4
S.E.	19	45	4	4	N.W.	27	46	5	4
S.W.	5	46	4	4	S.W.	27	46	5	4
N.E.	10	46	4	4	N.E.	31	46	5	4
S.E.	15	46	4	4	S.E.	31	46	5	4
N.E.	14	44	5	4	N.W.	31	46	5	4
S.W.	13	44	5	4	S.W.	31	46	5	4
N.W.	19	44	5	4	N.E.	33	46	5	4
S.W.	19	44	5	4	S.E.	33	46	5	4
N.W.	22	44	5	4	N.W.	33	46	5	4
S.W.	24	44	5	4	S.W.	33	46	5	4
S.W.	4	46	5	4	N.E.	1	46	6	4
N.E.	6	45	5	4	S.E.	1	45	6	4
N.W.	6	45	5	4	N.E.	23	45	6	4
N.E.	7	45	5	4	N.E.	24	45	6	4
S.E.	7	45	5	4	S.W.	24	45	6	4
N.W.	7	45	5	4	N.E.	2	46	6	4
S.W.	7	45	5	4	N.W.	2	46	6	4
N.E.	19	45	5	4	S.E.	8	46	6	4
S.W.	20	45	5	4	N.E.	9	46	6	4
N.W.	21	45	5	4	N.W.	9	46	6	4
N.E.	30	45	5	4	S.E.	12	46	6	4
N.W.	30	45	5	4	N.W.	13	46	6	4
S.E.	3	46	5	4	S.W.	13	46	6	4
S.W.	3	46	5	4	S.W.	22	46	6	4
S.W.	8	46	5	4	N.E.	23	46	6	4
S.E.	8	46	5	4	N.E.	25	46	6	4
N.E.	17	46	5	4	S.E.	25	46	6	4
S.E.	17	46	5	4	N.W.	25	46	6	4
N.E.	19	46	5	4	S.W.	25	46	6	4
S.E.	19	46	5	4	N.E.	28	46	6	4
N.W.	19	46	5	4	N.E.	34	46	6	4
S.W.	19	46	5	4	S.E.	34	46	6	4
N.E.	20	46	5	4	N.W.	34	46	6	4
N.E.	21	46	5	4	S.W.	34	46	6	4
S.E.	21	46	5	4					

NEILSON'S HOMEMADE CHOCOLATES

A Delicious Assortment

50c NOW - 1 lb. box - NOW 50c
formerly 65c

Standard Pharmacy

NYAL SERVICE STORE

MAIN STREET PHONE 38 WAINWRIGHT

Churches & Lodges

United Church of Canada WAINWRIGHT

Uniting The Presbyterian Church In
Canada, The Methodist Church, And
The Congregational Churches Of
Canada

Rev. W. J. Huston B.A., Pastor

SERVICES NEXT SUNDAY

11 a.m.—
Brief Church Service, followed by
S.S. classes.
3 p.m.—Greenfields
7.30 p.m.—Evening Worship
Harvest Thanksgiving Service,
with the Pastor in charge.

St. Luke's Church

Rev. Hugo Doyle, P.P.
Rev. M. Leamy, asst.

SERVICES, SUNDAY, NEXT

8.30 a.m.—Wainwright
9.30 a.m.—Heath.
11 a.m.—Wainwright.
11 a.m.—Gilt Edge.
Evening service at 7.30.—Bonds,
Sermon and Benediction at Fabyan.

EVERYBODY WELCOME

The Presbyterian Church in Canada

St. Andrew's, Wainwright

Rev. W. S. Brookner, Pastor

Sundays

11 a.m.—Divine Service
12 noon—Sunday School
7.30 p.m.—Divine Service
The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper
will be administered at the close
of the morning service on Sunday
next.

Wednesdays 8 p.m.—Bible study
and prayer meeting.
Baptisms are held on the first Sun-
day of each month at the morning ser-
vice. The Lord's Supper is celebrated
the first Sunday in January, April,
July and October.

ALL ARE WELCOME



WAINWRIGHT LODGE
NO. 45 I.O.O.F.

Meets every Monday night at 8 p.m.
in the I.O.O.F. Hall, Third Avenue.
Visiting brethren always welcome

A. SAWERS, N.G.
W. HUNTINGFORD, R.S.
B. KARMAN, F.S.

UMISK ENCAMPMENT NO. 4 I. O. O. F.

Meets in the I.O.O.F. Hall, Third
Avenue Wainwright on the Second
and Fourth Thursday of every month
at eight p.m.
Visiting and Travelling Patriarchs
always welcome.

B. KARMAN, C.P.
W. C. BOWEN, R.S.

ADELINE REBEKAH LODGE I. O. O. F.

Meets every First and Third Thurs-
day of the month in I.O.O.F. hall.
Visiting members always welcome.

Sis. M. Carrell, N.G.
Sis. B. Love, R.S.
Sis. A. Dunsmore, F.S.

The possibility of human error and
mechanical mixing is a much less

With the exception of exposing to
direct sunlight, one need have no fear
of damaging the color of any seed by
the use of different lights while work-
ing on them.

If working a prize sample in a
room where there is a danger of the
temperature being above 70 degrees
F., sprinkle the floor with water at
regular intervals or keep the furnace
well watered and the kettle boiling.

Never expose seeds in a thin
spread out quantities for any more
than a few minutes at a time. It is
best to keep them in bulk as much
as possible at this time.

Avoid handling seeds with the fin-
gers when possible. The human skin
is always damp with perspiration,
and contact with the seeds will de-
velop shady spots.

Screens are easily damaged. Hand-
le them with care, keep them in good
repair, and dependable uniform work
may be assured. Plan a systematic
method of screening in the following
order: first, scalp and take off the
large rough and clumsy oversized
kernels; second, as plumpness is
usually controlled by thickness, use
a slotted screen for plumpness; third

as the width of the seed usually con-
trols the apparent size, use round or
square screens for this; and, a fourth
screening may sometimes be used on
types of seed which have an extreme
variation in length, such as some
varieties of wheat, rye, oats, beans,
etc., etc. Here a repeated sliding, or
rotating motion, over a smooth,
round, oversized zinc screen, with a
little dexterity and practice, gives
surprising results.

When a sample of seed has been
reduced to about twice the volume of
the quantity required by the show
prize list, it is a good practice to
"sift up" the seed before each fur-
ther and different screening process
is carried out, by dividing the sample
into no less than four parts. Place
one part at a time in a cream can, or
a treble barrel churn, or a common
gait sack, shake it up for not more
than a minute or two. Finish by pass-
ing through a breeze outside, or over
a large sized, fine mesh, hand screen
inside. For the purpose of removing
the free particles of seed coating, etc.
This operation tends to "live up" and
help, uniform the work performed. A
"pounds per bushel scale" is a real as-
set at this time to keep check on your
work.

The following suggestions of size,
shape, and methods of manipulation
will help the prospective exhibitor to
make the proper selection of screen-
ing to conform to any kind of show
seed. A winning sample of any vari-
ety of wheat should pass through a
10/64, round perforated, and stay on
top of a 13/128, long slot, and 17/128
round hole.

A good sample of white or yellow
oats (not early) should pass through a
13/128, long slotted perforated, and
stay on top of a 1/12 long zinc or
a 2x11, wire mesh. A round per-
forated screen is of no value in sizing
up oats; but a large oversized smooth
zinc, round hole screen, with perfora-
tions from 10/64 to 13/64 will work
wonders in "sifting" or "tipping" out
the secondary, or "pin" oats which re-
most objectionable in building up uni-
formity. Most of the long "bulky,"
"double" oats are removed by a gen-
eral sifting with an oversized,
long screen, and most of the thick
hulled, light weight oats are blown
away by the controlled blast of air
from any common fanning mill or by
a steady wind out in the dry open air.

This is the best time to shorten up
or clip the ends off the oats. By all
means, be patient and take time
about this most touchy operation. Ex-
treme care must be exercised so as
not to overdo the job by exposing the
kernel covered by the hull, and de-
tracting from the artistic effect. The
exposure also lowers the vitality of
the seed, and, believe it or not, a
short, mushroomed, loose end, open
and split sample of oats will not
weigh as much to the bushel as will
the sample treated in a more kindly
and less extreme manner. The writers
method of treatment is to divide the
oat sample into a few common com-
mon flour sacks, shake them with an
end to end motion for a few minutes
at a time, with an hour or so between
shakes, in a drying atmosphere. Then
give them a day's rest after which
you may clean out the loose hull dust
and repeat the process until you get
the desired finish. At this time there
is no danger of keeping the oat sam-
ple too dry.

Early oats are not inclined to be as
thick or wide in proportion to length
as are the common white oats.

Six rowed barley should pass through
a 10/64, round hole screen and
stay on top of a 9/64 round, and 13/128
slotted screen. Hulled barley should
comply with the same sizes. The
awns are very stubborn and can
stand much rougher handling than
oats. In addition they should be lay-
ered in a small tub or dish pan and
chopped with such an article as the
open end of a lard can, or a baking
powder tin, so as to gradually help
loosen and shorten these stubborn
awns. But one must be careful not to
split the hull, or expose too many
kernels. A beautiful sample of six
rowed barley can be finished off by
sifting very little wheat, and still
keep the kernel intact and the awns

not too short. Judges hardly ever ex-
amine this artistic care when placing
the barley classes.

Treble barley is inclined to be a lit-
tle longer in proportion to width than
the six rowed and sometimes even
coarser and more stubborn in the
awn.

The two rowed varieties are larger
and smoother, and broader in propor-
tion to length, than the six rowed
therefore, they can stand a little larg-
er screening. The awns are much
more easily removed.

Barley, like oats, cannot be kept
too dry at this time.

The Ryes are so variegated in size
and shape that the best advice is to
choose the "happy medium" for your
sample. You may secure kernels
which will be smoother, more nearly
straight and of greater uniformity of
length. Slotted screens are the best
suited to uniform rye and oversized
round holes to even up the length.

Timothy should pass through a
20x20 square wire mesh and stay on
top of a 1/25 round hole and 6x24
long wire mesh, and the fewer seeds,
removed with the hulls, the better.

Flax seed should pass through 7/64
round screen and stay on top of a
11/128 round hole, and stay on top
of any small wire, long mesh screen
that will let the most of the thin and
dented kernels pass through.

Small, yellow peas should pass
through 33/128, round hole, and stay
on top of a 15/64 long slotted hole.

Large, yellow peas must be at least
18/64 in diameter to meet the specifi-
cations of the World's prize list
definition of large.

"Any other variety" peas may be
any other size and shape so long as
they are smooth and uniform.

This "happy medium rule" applies
to all preparation of exhibition seed.
With no exception all good samples
of show seed obey Nature's rule of
the "happy medium." Nature never
goes to the extreme with anything
beautiful, and real beauty is only to
be found in a seed exhibit when there
is a balancing up of those quality
properties of economic value so as to
make the effort convincing and agree-
able to the eye.

Every seed exhibit reflects an in-
dividuality in direct relation to the
way Nature and the exhibitor collab-
orate while moulding the sample to-
gether from the very time the soil
is prepared for the mother seed up
and until the beautiful progeny is
placed before the judges to await
their decision.

The next article will include a dis-
cussion of color.

THE EXAMINER'S WEEKLY REVIEW OF PROV. MARKETS

CATTLE

BEEF—On Edmonton market prices
have held steady while the de-
mand has been fairly brisk with offer-
ings light. Choice heavy sold \$4.25 at
4.50, choice light \$4.50 at \$4.75; good
\$4 at 4.50; medium \$3.25 at \$3.75 and
common \$2.50 at \$3. Choice heifers
sold at \$4.25 at \$4.50 with the good
ones making \$4 at \$4.25. Choice cows
brought \$2.75 at 3 with good kinds
going at \$2.50 at 2.75; medium \$2 at
2.25; common \$1.50 at 2; canners and
cutters 75c at \$1.00. Choice bulls
sold at \$1.50 at 1.75 while medium
kinds brought \$1 at 1.25 and the can-
ners from 75c up. Choice light calves
sold at \$5.50 at 6 with common sorts
at \$3.50 at 4.50. FEEDERS—STOCK-

ERS—In this market there has been
a good demand prevailing, with feed-
ers selling at \$3.75; stock steer
\$2.50 at \$3.00; stock heifers from 2.50
at 3.50 and stock cows \$1.75 at 2.50.

HOGS

On the Edmonton market bacon
offerings made \$4.10 at 4.25, fed and
watered basis this week while ac-
counts brought \$4.60 at 4.75 and but-
chers \$3.60 at 3.75. These quotations
are higher than last week's.

SHEEP

Quotations on the Edmonton mar-
ket were steady this week, with
yearlings selling at \$3 at 4; ewes at
\$1.50 at 3; and lambs from \$4.50 at
5.50.

GRAIN

Quotations have been slightly eas-
ier at Winnipeg as exporters were
interested and trading was car-
ried on practically by "peg" traders.
Reports on harvesting show that
threshing has been resumed in a
large measure following the wet weather
of last week.

CREAM—BUTTER—MILK
CREAM—Prices holding steady,
with special at 16c; first, 14; second
11; at country points and central ex-
ports. Harvesting and bad weather
have lowered supplies, while quality,
for same reasons is not so good. In-
crease in tainted butterfat expected
when stock turned on stubble.

CREAMERY BUTTER—Sales in Al-
berta, although fair, are being held
back on account of large volume of
dairy product. Market undertone very
weak. Few shipments going to coast
but chiefly for storing, and the mar-
ket there is very drab. Prices are
steady; No. 1 cartons, 24c; No. 2, 22c;
No. 1 prints, 23c; No. 2, 21c. DAIRY
BUTTER—Large supply in province
and acting as drug on market. Fancy
table finds ready outlet at 20c but

No. 1 at 10c and No. 2 at 5c are hard
to move. MILK—Price steady at
\$1.90 at 3 per 100 lbs., basis 3.6.

POULTRY—EGGS

POULTRY—Very few real good
birds being offered. Young stuff north
of chickens nor broilers, while fowl
are rough owing to moulting. Prices
unchanged, but market undertone de-
cidedly weak. Lower values expected
once harvesting is over and movement
commences. EGGS—Prices steady,
with extra 21c; firsts, 18c; seconds,
10c; crackles, 7c. Few pullet eggs ar-
riving and these will no doubt in-
crease, but offerings so far very
light. Demand fairly active.

HAY—OATS—GREENFEED
HAY—Offerings from country
points light now that harvesting has
been resumed. Demand not over-
active and not expected to develop un-
til first cold spell arrives. Prices are
steady with timothy \$12 at 13, and
upland \$9 at 9.50 per ton. FEED
OATS—Quotations steady at 23 at
25c, with most sales being made at
the former price. Demand not very
active.

FEEDING PULLETS FOR WINTER
EGG PRODUCTION

(Experimental Farms Note)

During the late fall and winter
months as a general rule egg prices
are very much higher than at any
other time throughout the year.
Every poultry raiser should realize
therefore, that if he gets good egg
production then it will pay him well.
Fall and winter production is the
keynote to greatest profits. As the
great bulk of the adult birds will be
resting and undergoing moulting pro-
cess during the fall and winter month
the pullets are left practically as the
only source of fresh eggs at that
time. Thus, the chief concern of the
poultry-keeper should be to give the
pullets the best possible attention in
order that they may produce to their
maximum capacity. Pullets should
not lay until they are mature, and
for this reason poultrymen should
aim to have their young stock mature
before the cold weather begins in the
fall. Early hatched pullets that start
to lay in October or November are
the ones to keep for egg production.
It is the early hatched and fully
matured pullets in good healthy con-
dition that will produce the eggs dur-
ing the late fall and winter months.
Pullets require careful feeding dur-
ing the fall and winter to secure pro-
fitable egg production. They relish
and do better on a variety of feeds
providing these are palatable. Laying
pullets should be fed a ration con-
sisting of scratch grains and mashes
meat food, green food, mineral food,
grit and drink.

At the Dominion Experimental Sta-
tion, Lacombe, Alberta, a dry maen
in mixture kept in hoppers constantly
before the flock, is made up of equal
parts of bran, shorts, barley meal
and finely ground oats to which is
added about twenty per cent. beef
scrap. Milk replaces the meat scrap
when the flock can have access to
all they will drink. When milk is
available only part of the time about
ten per cent beef scrap is added to
the ground feed mixture. To this
mixture is added 3 per cent bone
meal about one per cent fine table
salt and 2 per cent cod liver oil.

A home-mixed scratch grain con-
sisting of equal parts of wheat, oats
and barley is scattered in a deep lit-
ter of straw in the morning and
again in the afternoon, a heavy
feed being given in the afternoon,
than in the morning. This induces
the birds to exercise. Grit andyster-
shell are available in hoppers and
green feed is supplied either by al-
falfa leaves or mangles, carrots, cab-
bage and sprouted oats.

SAFEGWAY STORES

Prices Effective Friday & Saturday, Oct. 9—10

P. & G. SOAP, white naphtha 10 bars 39¢
LIBBY'S PORK & BEANS, medium 3 tins 29¢
ORANGE MARMALADE, Wagstaff's, 4 lb tins 47¢
BULK DATES, fresh and clean 2 lbs 17¢
SALMON, Fancy quality, Pink 3 cans 29¢
SAFEGWAY FLOUR, First grade 98 lbs \$2.48
ROLLED OATS, 20 lb bags 55¢
MOLASSES TAFFY, paper wrapped kisses, lb 19¢
PICKLING ONIONS, white Silverskin, 2 lbs 19¢
POPPING CORN, sure pop 2 lbs 25¢
CRANBERRIES, choice Cape Cod 2 lbs 39¢
MOTHERS COCOA, large 1 lb pkgs 23¢
BROKEN PEKOE TEA, fine flavor 2 lbs 65¢
Store closed Monday, Oct. 12th., Thanksgiving Day

Meat Specials

PORK ROASTS, lean, lb 9¢
BEEF ROASTS, lb 9¢
SLICED BACON, lb 20¢
COTTAGE ROLLS, average 4 to 5 lbs, lb 20¢
HAMBURGER STEAK, freshly minced, 2 lbs 19¢
ROUND STEAK, choice 2 lbs 33¢

Phone 78 SAFEGWAY STORES LTD. Wainwright

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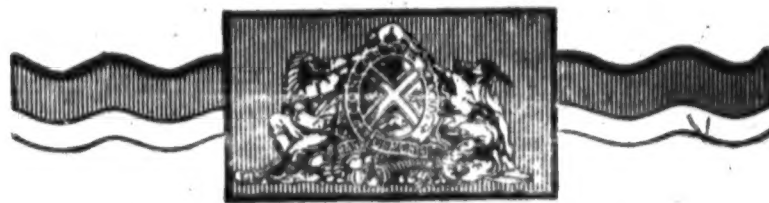
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No harmful after-effects from
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Savory Beef Roasts !!!

WHICHEVER WAY YOU ROAST IT, WELL-DONE OR TO THAT RARENESS YOUR FOLKS MAY PREFER—YOU'LL FIND IT FLAVORY, TENDER, TASTY, AND AS EVERYBODY LIKES BEEF, WHY NOT A ROAST FOR SUNDAY? PHONE, WE'LL DELIVER!

ALMA MEAT MARKET

Phone 99 P. PERRAS Prop. Wainwright

REFRESHING EATS FOR THIS WEEK

(BY BETTY BARCLAY)

COOLING BEVERAGES

Serve your guest a cooling beverage when they drop in for bridge or for an informal visit. With some coffee syrup previously prepared on hand, either of the following may be served with little cakes or cookies:

Coffee Milk Shake

Combine three tablespoons of coffee syrup with three-fourths cup rich milk and a little crushed ice. A drop or two of vanilla may be added if desired. Shake or stir vigorously and serve. The best way to make coffee syrup is to brew one pound of coffee to one and three-fourths quarts of water. Clear and strain the coffee, add three and a half pounds of sugar, boil two minutes and while still boiling pour into sterilized bottles and seal tightly.

Coffee Egg Nog

3 tablespoons coffee syrup
scant 3/4 cup rich milk
1 egg
few drops vanilla
Beat the egg in a bowl, add the vanilla, the coffee syrup and milk, and beat again to blend it thoroughly. Fill a tall glass a fourth full of crushed ice, pour in the egg nog and serve at once.

Baked Pear Dessert

1 junket table
1 tablespoon cold water
1 pint milk
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
3 tablespoons sugar
medium sized pears
1/4 cup sugar
3 tablespoons cinnamon candies
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1/8 cup water

Peel and core the pears and place in a baking pan. Make a syrup by boiling 1/4 cup sugar, 1/8 cup water and cinnamon candies together for 5 minutes. Add the lemon juice. Pour the syrup over the pears and bake until tender, basting several times. Place the pears upright in individual dishes, filling the centers with syrup. When cold and the syrup has jellied, prepare vanilla junket according to directions on package and fill dishes. Let stand in warm room until firm—about 10 minutes. Then chill.

Fish Salad Californian

(Serves 6)
1/2 cup lemon pulp and juice
2 cups shredded lettuce
2 cups canned salmon (or tuna)
3 tablespoons minced pimiento
Pare lemons, saving all juice, and cut in small pieces, as free as possible from membrane. Mix with lettuce. Add fish, which has been flaked and pimiento. Mix thoroughly. Serve with mayonnaise. The lemon pulp replaces the chopped pickle often used in fish salads.

Frozen Fruit Punch

2 cups sugar
1 1/4 cups water
1 small bunch mint
3 cups weak tea or ginger ale
1/2 cup lemon juice
2 cups orange juice
Boil sugar, water and mint together for 5 minutes. Chill, add remaining ingredients, strain and freeze.

Bitter Orange Marmalade

(Makes 6-8 glasses)
1 grapefruit
2 oranges
1 lemon
1/4 cup lemon juice
Slice unpeeled fruit very thin. Add three times as much water as fruit. Boil 20 minutes. Measure. Bring to boiling point. Add 1/2 cup sugar to



Health Service

OF THE

Canadian Medical Association

Established by

GRANT FLEMING, M.D., - ASSOCIATE SECRETARY

SOURCES OF TUBERCULOSIS

Tuberculosis is a widespread disease. In spite of the encouraging progress which has been made with regard to its prevention and treatment, it nevertheless remains with us as one of the major causes of disability and death. The results of the work which has been done enable us to face the future with the happy prospect that, provided the necessary effort is made, we shall see this disease decline and disappear.

Tuberculosis is the result of the living germ known as the tubercle bacillus. Other factors may play a part in the occurrence of the disease by increasing the opportunity for the spread and development of the germ, but it is the germ itself which causes the disease.

If there were no tubercle bacillus, there would not be any tuberculosis. If no tubercle bacillus gained entrance into the human body, there would be no tuberculosis among us. In order to keep these germs out of our bodies, we should know whence they come. Once we have obtained this information, we may put it to practical use by protecting ourselves from tuberculosis.

The secretion, called sputum, which is coughed up by the person suffering from tuberculosis of the lungs, is by far the most common source of the germs of tuberculosis. This sputum contains millions of the germs, and it is the transference of this germ-laden secret from the sick to the well which accounts largely for the spread of the disease.

Tuberculosis may be spread by un-

covered coughs or sneezes which scatter the droplets of sputum. The careless spitter provides a source of contamination for children's hands. Children usually play on the ground or on the floor, and so pick up the sputum on their fingers and their toys. The little hands are then carried to the mouth and the germs which are on the fingers gain entrance to the children's bodies.

The tuberculous person who has been trained in a sanatorium knows how to live without endangering others. Such person is a perfectly safe individual with whom to live. He covers his coughs and sneezes. If he expectorates, he does so in a container and not on the ground. As long as there are germs in his sputum he keeps his eating and drinking utensils apart and boils them after use. He does not kiss other persons on the mouth.

The germ of tuberculosis is our enemy. Outside our bodies it cannot do us any harm, and direct sunlight destroys it in a short time. We should do our best to keep it outside of our bodies, and we can do this by avoiding all careless spitters, coughers, sneezers, some of whom likely have tuberculosis. We can set the example by always using our handkerchiefs to cover coughs and sneezes and we can further protect ourselves by keeping our hands away from our faces and by washing our hands before eating.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College St., Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

AN UNIQUE ALARM CLOCK

When the mechanical age first developed labor-saving devices for the home, housewives greeted them with mixed feelings. Undoubtedly they lightened work, but they were ugly and clumsy. Now, however, household appliances are becoming effective—many a modern washing machine is better looking than an old-fashioned piano.

One of the last of the homely but necessary devices to go is the alarm clock of traditional design, with its unattractive case and its talent for clashing with the other furnishings in the well-kept bedroom. The modern alarm clock is a beautifully styled timekeeper which is accurately and silently operated by electricity.

The latest such clock is a dainty telechron with a case of satin silver which cannot tarnish. Unless it is shut off, its musical bell alarm will ring for twenty minutes, which indicates how anxious it is to get you up. And its dial is illuminated by a concealed electric light which can be dimmed down to nothing or increased until it is almost bright enough to read by.

This new clock gets to work as soon as it is plugged into an electric socket and it will run merrily along without needing regulating, cleaning or oiling. In price, it is much lower than electric alarms have ever been.

HINTS FOR HOMEMAKERS

When first used, a new rope has a tendency to twist and tangle. To overcome this, soak it in water for two or three hours before using. After taking it out of the water, tie one end to a tree and hitch a team of horses or your auto on to the other end and give it a thorough stretching. Then fasten it in this position and allow it to dry.

Drain pipes can be made clean and kept so by using kerosene and soap-suds. A practical way is to do this each wash day. Pour the kerosene down the drain and after about 15 minutes follow with a bucketful of boiling soap-suds. The kerosene will loosen the grease and dirt and the hot soap-suds will wash them out.

Waterglass, a common chemical, often used for preserving eggs, is a cheap and effective agent for removing paint from furniture. It is applied with a brush and allowed to stand for about ten minutes, after which the paint can easily be removed with an ordinary scrubbing brush.

When decorating candles with sealing wax dissolve it in alcohol and apply with a brush.

A quick method of sewing buttons on heavy clothing is to insert a piece of fine radio wire through the eyes of the button into the cloth and twist the ends together on the other side, after which the ends are bent over sharply to prevent catching in the clothes.

This will make a neat job and will hold securely.

An ordinary curry comb, which can be bought for a few cents from any hardware store, can be used for removing the scales from fish. The comb should be thoroughly washed and sterilized in boiling water before using it for this purpose.

Odor in roses and other aromatic plants can be preserved by using sawdust which will force the juice out of the petals. Take 1 pound of sawdust and 1 pound of rose petals or other plants and rub them together until the mass is reduced to a paste, after which it is tightly corked in a bottle and set in a cool place until used. This method will preserve the odor for several months.

Pushing a scrub pail around with the end of the mop handle is better than carrying it. To do this, make a wooden frame for the bucket and fill it with three casters evenly spaced around the bottom.—Popular Mechanic Magazine.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK

Edson R. Waite,

That fame and fortune have come to the great advertisers. Their products have become a part of the life of the world.

Continuous advertising of quality has brought the goodwill which has made these concerns what they are today.

To be a success any business must have the goodwill of the people it serves. Goodwill is obtained by keeping customers satisfied.

It is a well-known fact that continuous advertisers give full value for money spent and, by doing so, keep their customers satisfied.

Continuous advertising makes a strong appeal to the pocket book; so strong that it creates the necessary desire to possess.

The selling of quality merchandise through the printed page means increased profits.

Now is the time for the business concern that is not a regular advertiser to get busy.

Large quantities of merchandise are being bought daily from business concerns who are regular advertisers. There's a reason, of course.

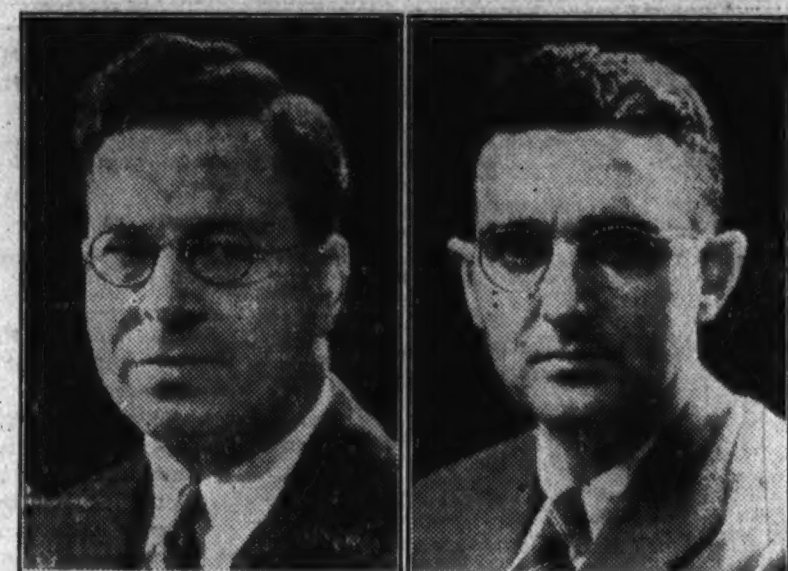
People have been educated to read the advertisements before they buy, and then buy from the advertisers who offer them the best for their money.

Sanitary **B**read
Unequaled **R**eadily
Nourishing **E**njoyed
Rich **A**nd
Irr reproachable **D**igested
Sealed
Economic **PHONE 66**

Wainwright Bakery

PHONE 66

WAINWRIGHT



BRADFORD ELLISON
Vice-President, Nestlé's Milk Products
(Canada) Limited

HAROLD M. GROUT
Sales Manager, Nestlé's Milk Products
(Canada) Limited

The election of Mr. Bradford Ellison to the position of Vice-President of Nestlé's Milk Products (Canada) Limited is announced by the Board of Directors.

Mr. Ellison, eight years ago, sold the first Nestlé's milk in the Dominion of Canada, and Nestlé's Milk Products (Canada) Limited is now one of the largest sellers of canned milk in the entire Dominion. In many places Nestlé's brand is the leading seller.

The appointment of Mr. Harold M. Grout to the position of Sales Manager, and Mr. John Francis to position of Assistant Sales Manager, is also announced.

Does Your Advertisement Appear In "The Star?"

VERY LIKELY YOUR COMPETITOR'S IS! HE KNOWS THAT WHEN PEOPLE NEED ANYTHING OR WANT ANYTHING DONE, THEY'LL LOOK THROUGH THE:

**Ads In The
Wainwright
Star**

HIS OFFER BEING IN PRINT—
HE GETS THE BUSINESS AND
THE PROFIT!

SILENCE WON'T BRING YOU ANY
CUSTOMERS. IT TAKES:

Advertising

45 - PHONE - 45

FIRE INSURANCE

WE CAN INSURE YOUR—

THRESHING MACHINES
GRAIN IN BINS
AUTOMOBILES
FURNITURE
BUILDINGS
CATTLE
ETC.

IN FACT ANYTHING OF VALUE AGAINST
FIRE OR LIGHTNING

JOS. WELCH

Phone 57-93

Agent, Atlas Lumber Co. Ltd.

las nite and ma is all broke up about it. he tuk pa's perse and sunn silver Wear bu; he left ma's ring layng on the dresser and now she is a cuseing pa of byeing her a foney diamond ring when they become ingaged.

Sunday—Ant Emmy was a reading out loud from the paper today that signests are wirking on a thing that you can see yure husend with werever he goes and pa sed well they wont be no use going enny wear when that happens.

Munday—well they tell us kids they aint no Santy Claws and the Stork is what they call a milticle animal but atll they keep running stuff in the papers about Mr Hoover so mebbey they are sumthing in that part of it.

Tuesday—I brung home my report card today and pa looked over it. I gess you wood just call it a Cursory Zaminashun becuz I never heard him use such langwige in all my life before.

Wednesday—ma hasent ben able to sleep here of lately and the Dr. give her sum medisen to make her sleep yesterday and at half past 1 o'clock in the nite ma awaked her up to take a dose of her medisen to make her sleep and it made her about half sore at him.

Thursday—Ant Emmy's newffew has went to the city to get lert to be a taxydems. An Emmy says he shud ought to make a good one becuz he was all ways a very very good driver.

Get your Thresher Lien Notes at The Star office.

SAVE on your weekly food bills

Here's more nourishment at less money for you. Delicious, appetizing Syrups full of health and energy. Serve them in place of expensive desserts.

The CANADA STARCH CO. Limited
TORONTO

Serve **EDWARDSBURG CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP** and **BENSON'S GOLDEN SYRUP**



Ask your grocer

Royal Bank Money
Orders are safe,
cheap & convenient

Rates \$1.00 up Phone 1131
HOTEL CECIL
Cor. Jasper & 104th
EDMONTON
RIGHT IN THE HEART
of the
CITY'S SHOPPING CENTER
THE HOME OF
SERVICE AND COMFORT
FREE BUS MEETS ALL
TRAINS

Rates \$1.00 up Phone 6101
Royal George Hotel
101st Street
(Near Union Depot)
EDMONTON
FIVE STORIES OF
SOLID COMFORT
The Home of Service
and Comfort.
FIRST CLASS CAFE
Free Bus to and from all
trains.
R. E. NOBLE Manager



If baby has COLIC

CRY in the night. Colic! No cause for alarm if Castoria is handy. This pure vegetable preparation brings quick comfort, and can never harm. It is the sensible thing when children are ailing. Whether it's the stomach, or the little bowels; colic or constipation; or diarrhea. When tiny tongues are coated, or the breath is bad. Whenever there's a need of gentle regulation. Children love the taste of Castoria, and its mildness makes it safe for frequent use.

And a more liberal dose of Castoria is always better for growing children than strong medicine meant only for adult use.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

If You Value Your Eyes

SAVE THEM FROM EYESTRAIN
CORRECT GLASSES ARE THE MOST EFFICIENT WAY OF LIGHTENING THE BURDEN OF WORK THAT THE EYES ARE COMPELLED TO DO EACH DAY.
OUR GLASSES RELIEVE TIRED EYES
LET US ADVISE YOU

EARL L. CORK

C.N.R. Official Watch Examiner
Jeweler & Registered Optometrist
MAIN ST. WAINWRIGHT

WEAK MOMENTS

(Continued from page 7)
tal rehearsal of what he was going to say to the bank manager concerning a raise.

"What you thinkin' about, Fred?" Sadie asked with a smile.

"Fred looked up. His mouth was wide in startled amazement at her question.

"Why? What does it matter?" he replied in a surly tone.

"Nuthin'. I was just wonderin' that's all," she answered.

Fred leaned back in his chair and started sucking his lips without further comment. It was comforting just to have Fred at home. Any sort of companionship was better than solitude. His mere presence, even if he didn't wish to talk, gave Sadie a certain feeling of security—or was it safety? Of course, there really was not anything to fear, but loneliness has a way of getting on one's nerves.

Sadie wondered if Fred had seen Bill Cooper on the way home; if perhaps he might have said he was coming in later to say "Hello."

"Did you see Bill to-night, Fred?" she asked quite innocently.

"What if I did?" His manner showed a certain suspicion.

Sadie was clearing away the dishes. She sighed at his uncalculated attitude. "Oh, Fred, why do you have to snap at me that way? I don't really care whether you did or not. I guess I just asked to hear myself talk."

Fred took an old watch from his vest pocket, looked at it, and then cast a glance—almost a sheepish glance—at his wife.

"If you'd like to know it, I'm going over to Bill's for a little poker," he said, rising from the table.

Sadie stopped on her way to the kitchen and turned.

"What, tonight?" she said with an expression of unhappy surprise.

"No, next Easter!" Fred replied with nasty sarcasm.

"But Fred, th' things there," she pointed her thin finger toward the chest. "What'll I do? I'll be scared to death with—"

"Scared! Always thinkin' of yourself. Besides, they ain't gonna run away."

Sadie returned to the table and put down the dishes she was about to take out to the kitchen. She looked at her husband, looked down at his feet, and then over to the slippers that were by the fire.

"I thought somethin' was up! You ain't put your slippers on," she ventured.

"And does that have to mean there is something up! Can't a guy even play a few hands o' stud without somethin' being up?"

His narrow eyes flashed rebuke at her.

"But Fred," she asked timidly, "suppose some one comes?"

"Does any one ever come here except Bill? Answer me that!"

Sadie shook her head negatively.

"No, but you don't bring home things like that every night," she replied with a nod toward the chest.

"And I don't get a chance for a little fun every night, either. Did you ever think of that? Here I am workin' for you all day long, and then you go crab at me when I get a chance to play a couple hands of cards! What's the idea?"

Sadie watched him refill his pipe. He pushed the tobacco in the bowl with deft jerks of his thumb. He put the pipe in his mouth and looked over his cupped hands at her as he lit it. She blinked the wet stare from her eyes as she again picked up the plates.

"What's the matter, you hard of hearin'?" Fred growled.

Sadie took the plates into the kitchen. What was the use of arguing or even answering him? In the first place he knew perfectly well he had no right gambling with the little money they had. But she was glad that it was Bill Cooper anyway, that he was going to play with. He at least would look after her interests and not allow Fred to lose too much.

When she returned from the kitchen Fred had his coat and hat on and was standing by the door.

"Wash them dishes up and don't forget to turn th' lights out!" With this final remark, he opened the door a blast of wind swept into the room, and then the door slammed behind him.

Sadie stood near the table, her eyes welling with tears, her mouth partly open. Motionless, she listened to the spluttering reports of the motor—a grinding hum, the metallic click of the chains which finally became fainter and fainter until it died out in the pitch-black distance.

Sadie turned, and, as though fearing her own tread, creased to the chest. The securities were there all she had seen Fred counting them. No good frightening herself any more by looking at such a vast sum of money. The knowledge that it was under the same roof with her—her alone—was anxiety enough.

She pushed the little tin tobacco box behind a pile of old magazines. She heard the key tinkle against its sides—or was it the tinkle of the key? She whirled around. For the first time she realized the window shade was up. With the quickness of a cat she darted across the room and jerked down the shade. A sort of sickly shiver went over her when she caught a glimpse of the blackness outside; anybody could have been looking in. Somewhere, one might easily have followed Fred home and seen him hide the securities.

Exactly what went through Sadie's mind for the next few seconds, only she herself knows, but, after staring blankly about the room, she moved slowly toward and out of the room.

With calm deliberation she opened the lid, and from beneath an assortment of odds and ends, she withdrew a bundle tightly wrapped in what appeared to be the remnant of a man's shirt. With great care, she unfolded it and revealed a dully gleaming six-shooter.

Then, after making sure the gun was loaded, she hastily dumped back the odds and ends and let the lid of the trunk fall.

It was six years ago—in the first year of their marriage—that Fred had nearly killed his friend Bill Cooper, mistaking him for a prowler and from that day to this Fred had forbidden any firearms in the house.

But Sadie, unknown to her husband and because of her helpless solitude during the long days of his absence, had secretly purchased the revolver and hidden it away. She had considered it her privilege and right to possess some means of self protection.

Then too, once when Bill Cooper had called shortly after the shooting and had found Sadie alone he had said: "Just 'cause Fred's tryin' to protect you ain't no reason why you shouldn't protect yourself. I'd get you a gun if I was you, Sadie—just in case!"

So, with her former sweetheart's own words, "just in case" on her lips Sadie now pressed the weapon close to her and walked slowly into the kitchen.

Perhaps it was nine or a little after. Sadie had hurried more than usual with her dishes because her one desire was to turn out the light in the dining room and lock herself in her bedroom at the top of the stairs. But before she went up, she placed a large knotted log in the fire and made sure it would burn. Fred would be cold when he returned. The flickering reflect on from the fire cast weird, pointed shadows about the walls and ceiling like the scrawny fingers of the ogres one might see in nightmares.

From the top of the stairs, she looked down. Yes, she could faintly

distinguish the chest—a dark blotch against the gray walls.

Sadie undressed in the dark. It was difficult to remember whether she was shivering from the cold or from fear. Probably one was made the more pronounced by the other.

With each gust of wind and with each creak of the little frame house, Sadie tightened her hold on the weapon which lay under her pillow—a speechless but nevertheless comforting comparison in the lonely darkness. Sleep was impossible for she had two wretched responsibilities—the one, to watch over the securities; the other, to hide again the forbidden weapon on hearing Fred's familiar approach. One was as vital as the other, for were Fred to discover the revolver, she would be accused of an unforgivable act—disobedience. And she wouldn't have dared confess that it had been Bill Cooper's suggestion.

"Fred must never suspicion such a thing!" she told herself.

She felt to thinking about the little chest, the chest so rich yet so transiently rich! More than once, she found herself weaving fantastic dreams around that wealth—that wealth within her reach yet unreachable, unless—The city. Fine clothes. Theatres. Gay restaurants. Automobiles. Servants. These dreams, all of them, were vested in the contents of one little drawer in that dilapidated chest. How easy it would be to gather up the contents of that little drawer and disappear—vanish out of Fred's life, and live—live among people lights—live with life! And maybe Bill Cooper! But her thoughts shamed her—shamed her doubly when she permitted them to include her dear and faithful friend, Bill Cooper.

WITH THE WORLD'S INVENTOR

Snake-proof leggings, made of light metal, provide protection for the wearer's legs on hunting or fishing trips in reptile-infested regions. The leggings reach higher than the average snake can strike. So light is the metal, the leggings weigh less than if made of leather or rubber.

Combining a collapsible piano and a harp into one musical instrument, a Los Angeles inventor has made what he calls a "golden harp." When assembled it looks like a small piano with an aluminum body. By simply attaching a soundboard and removing the keyboard, the instrument is converted into a harp.

Invention of a bomb propelled by rockets, launched by sound vibrations from an enemy plane and guided through the air by similar vibrations, is announced in San Diego. The inventor foresees such bombs placed in launching cages whenever there is danger of aerial attack. The bombs, once in the air, would be guided by "electric ears," causing it to twist and turn and follow the aircraft, but at higher speed than the plane. A simple contact detonator would explode the bomb the second it touched its quarry in the air.

Motor coaches in one American city are equipped with stiff, semi-flexible rubber fenders. The wheels of the busses are in recesses under the floor, but the fenders extend four or five inches from the sides, serving as mud guards and as protection for the paint if the bus should be side-swiped by another vehicle.

Grade-crossing fatalities are being reduced by an automatic railroad-crossing gate which swings into place as a train approaches. The metal gate with a large stop sign on it is operated by hydraulic power. On approach of a crossing locomotive makes a contact on the rails which sets the hydraulic pressure in action and the gate swings shut by gravity.

Words and music may be recorded and reproduced by an instrument in which is embodied a "talking wire." A steel wire is used for recording sounds which may be played back hundreds of times. In the home, the talking wire is useful for recording voices of the family and friends or to capture favorite radio programs which may be reproduced at leisure. But it is in the office where the talking wire will be of the most benefit, since it is fast and accurate in dictation.

Steel arms, worked from the inside, will help help sunken treasure from a deep sea diving bell just constructed. The bell, made of steel and glass, has oxygen tanks, controls for the compressed air tanks and for

Here's another attractive

MAGIC



MENU

Look for this mark on every tin. It is a guarantee that Magic does not contain alum or any harmful ingredient.

Most women find it difficult to think up new ideas for attractive menus. This one, suggested by Miss Katherine M. Caldwell, culinary authority of Canadian Home Journal, Toronto, is there for sure to please.

LUNCHEON MENU
Cheese and Vegetable Soufflé with Cream Sauce
Buttered Whole Wheat Toast
Sweet Pickles
Hot Raspberry Biscuits
Chase & Sanborn's Tea

For afternoon tea, there is nothing nicer than these same Raspberry Biscuits, shaped daintily with a tiny cutter—split, buttered and served piping hot, with a cup of perfect tea!

Miss Caldwell says: "Magic Baking Powder is easy to use because its uniform, high quality never varies. I use and recommend Magic because my experience has proven that it always gives consistently better baking results."



Try Miss Caldwell's Recipe for "RASPBERRY BISCUITS"

5 cups flour
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar

4 tablespoons shortening
2 1/2 cups milk
1/2-cup of sugar
Raspberry juice or syrup

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Cut the hard, cold shortening into them with a knife, using a quick, chopping motion, or reduce the hard cold fat to tiny particles with a pastry blender or a steel-pronged fork. When the mixture resembles a very coarse meal, add the liquid, mixing quickly and lightly. Turn out the dough on a slightly floured board, pat it down lightly or roll it to a thickness of about one inch. Shape with a small cutter or cut in squares with a floured knife.

Dip the small lumps of sugar into syrup from canned or fresh raspberries. Press a lump into each biscuit, forcing it well down into the dough so that it will not run down the sides when melted.

Place the biscuits on a greased pan or baking sheet and bake in a very hot oven, 450° F., 12 to 15 minutes.

Made in Canada
Goods

MAGIC

Baking Powder
ensures better baking results

two interchangeable arms which extend in front for handling the treasure or for doing other work—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

A NEW HOME INDUSTRY

The results of experimental work carried on at the Summerland Station of the Dominion Department of Agriculture indicate that the production of candied fruits on a commercial scale may soon be a reality in British Columbia. One firm there is at present considering commercial production, while several small operators make a few hundred pounds a year in the home. The fruits used include apricots, peaches and pears.

Candying these fruits starts with a preliminary boiling in water or a weak syrup to soften it and render it receptive to the syrup. In the first stage fruit is boiled until all the white pith has disappeared. The next stage is to place the fruit in enamel pans and cover it with a 25 per cent. syrup that is, one cup sugar to four cups water. The following day with the use of a hydrometer the strength of the syrup is taken and raised 5 per cent. by the addition of sugar. During the first four or five days the fruit is boiled for three minutes when the syrup is added. This is done to prevent fermentation. The syrup is strengthened 5 per cent per day until the hydrometer shows a 65 per cent solution. This takes about eight days. The fruit is then left in the syrup for two weeks, after which it is removed, washed in a 30 per cent syrup and dried on lined wire trays.

Candied fruit as a home industry can be made more convenient through the simple expedient of canning the fruits to be candied in the usual way and carry out the candying process at any convenient time during the winter or later in the year.

Peace hath her victors no less renowned than war, as James Hazlett, a former soldier in the Great War has demonstrated. Mr. Hazlett, who is located on Balmoral, near Red Deer on the Canadian National, has been awarded the championship for the best field of standing grain.

The prize-winning field was ten acres of Marquis wheat grown on breaking and it was first entered in the Field Crop Competition of the Red Deer Agricultural Society, where it won first prize. It is expected to yield 50 bushels to the acre. This year Hazlett had 777 acres in crop of which 610 acres were sown to wheat.

FIRE LIFE ACCIDENT SICKNESS INSURANCE

Wainwright Agencies

MAIN STREET

J. W. STUART, mgr.

WAINWRIGHT

HOW DOES YOUR LABEL READ?

Buy Good! Buy Cheap! Buy Right!
AT MONTY'S

Tempting Fruits!

NATURE'S GIFT TO YOUR HEALTH. EAT PLENTY OF RAW, IN SALADS, OR IN BAKED DELICIES. FRESH AND TEMPTING.

Judge Them

BY THEIR DELICIOUS FLAVOR, THE LAST DROP OF THE FIRST CUP PROMPTS YOU TO "HAVE ANOTHER!"

: VEGETABLES :

FRESH DAILY!

VEGETABLES ARE HEALTH-BUILDERS. A TONIC YOUR SYSTEM NEEDS. AT LEAST TWO OF YOUR THREE MEALS A DAY SHOULD INCLUDE PLENTY OF THEM.

MONTY'S CASH STORE

PHONE 18

WAINWRIGHT

BUD 'n BUB

There Ain't No Justice

By ED KRESSY



MAIN ST. WAINWRIGHT

BROOMS! BROOMS!

AND WHEN WE SAY BROOMS, WE MEAN

BROOMS

40c 75c & \$1.00

THESE BROOMS ARE REAL QUALITY

Rexoleum Floor Mats

Your Choice 15 cents each

Threshing Necessities

Belting, Rivets, Wrenches,
Waste, Oil Cans
Forks, Belt Lace, Handles

GIVE US AT TRIAL AT

Hannah's 86 Hardware
MAIN STREET WAINWRIGHT
THE STORE THAT SATISFIES

HOW DOES YOUR LABEL READ?

PRIVATE SCHOOL

Conducted by

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

WAINWRIGHT

ALTA.

A SELECT BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS—BOYS TAKEN UP

TO 12 YEARS

Also

Private Day School

COURSES: ALL GRADES — HIGH SCHOOL — ART — COOKING — MUSIC — LANGUAGES — VOCAL EXPRESSION — FOLK DANCING — SPECIAL FRENCH CLASSES AND FRENCH CONVERSATION — PLAIN SEWING. SPECIAL PRIVATE LESSONS OUTSIDE SCHOOL HOURS: IN ANY SUBJECT DEMANDED BY THE ALBERTA DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

TUITION: — Boarders — Rates up to twelve dollars a month.

DAY SCHOLARS: — VERY MODERATE RATE.

For further particulars apply to

REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR

TELEPHONE 76

News And Views From All Quarters

BORN.—To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Murray, at the Wainwright municipal hospital, on October 1st, a girl.

BORN.—To Mr. and Mrs. M. McTurk, at the Wainwright municipal hospital, on October 3rd, a girl.

Mrs. W. Huntingford is again at her home after a couple of weeks in the hospital.

***When money is plentiful you need fire insurance, but when it is scarce and it would be impossible for you to replace your home if fire destroyed it you need it much more. And it is one safeguard that costs very little and should be carried by everyone, especially in the fall of the year when the pipes rusted and clogged with soot, do not stand the heavy firing which the cold weather makes necessary and many fires are the result. Joe Welch will not only write your policy, but write it so that if you have a fire, his experience in the building and fire insurance business will be at your service and insure you a satisfactory adjustment.

Mr. J. McLaughlin arrived from Foremost last week to assume his duties on the ledgers at the Royal Bank in town.

Word was received from Mr. and Mrs. Nagel and the Cruise family who with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stevens left by car for Texas some weeks ago that they all arrived there safely after a ten-day trip in which very little trouble was experienced. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens will return to Wainwright soon.

*** You will need to have your radio looked over before the winter comes. For expert service on any make of set, phone 161. Geo. Morley, Town.

Mrs. L. O'Reilly entertained last week in honor of Mrs. A. Haney and a pleasant afternoon was spent by quite a number of the town ladies.

*** Two fresh cars of Black Diamond coal just arrived at the Atlas Lumber Yard. Take home your supply early before the real cold weather starts. Special prices on large lots.

Little Bartha Lindseth, who recently was taken to the hospital with a broken collar bone, caused by being thrown from a horse, is now recovered sufficiently to return home.

Miss Ruth Hathaway, arrived from Boston, Mass., last week and is the guest of Mrs. W. Wheaton for a short holiday.

*** "A Royal Romance"—delightful story of a young American who staked his all on a romantic impulse and won love and a fortune! Thrills! Comedy! Romance! at the theatre this week end.

EARLY SNOW NEEDED

There probably never was a time in the history of agriculture in the prairie provinces when early snow was so much needed as at the present time. The extent to which snow contributes moisture to the field depends directly on the time at which it falls, according to W. D. Albright, Superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Sub-station at Beaverlodge, Alta. When a thick coat of snow falls on unfrozen ground a great deal of it melts and becomes established as soil moisture. The extent to which soil can be kept unfrozen and permeable depends entirely upon natural developments. If the snow falls early to a good depth it will ensure a considerable moisture in the soil, while, if rains or sleet permeate the surface soil and freeze they are likely to form a solid coating which will leave the ground almost as dry in the spring next year as it now is.

MAKING

MISTAKE'S

Many old-timers can recall the gay nineties—those hectic pre-prohibition, befo' de wah days—when the more fastidious matrons d'hotel placed a rubber mat under the company cuspidors in the lounging-rooms of the hostelry. It was a subtle recognition of man's certainty to make mistakes. The same is equally true about the rubber t.p on the end of a pencil. Everybody is liable to error sometimes. I think it was Pope who wrote "To err is human, to forgive, divine."—(at least we'll blame it on him anyway.)

The capacity for making mistakes is so thorough a human trait, that we just naturally take it for granted. When a person of wisdom and judgment makes an error, it is not likely the same error will be repeated. A careless unthinking person is apt to keep on making errors. When a mistake happens it should be at once admitted and rectified as far as possible. Accepting responsibility and endeavoring to avoid a repetition of them in the future will profit much. Mistakes should be used as stepping stones on the road to perfection.

Bill Seguin is erecting a new house for Mr. LaPalm at Fabyan this week.

Sir Thomas Lipton, noted English sportsman and millionaire, died on Friday last at the age of 84 years.

Mr. C. A. Walton, who has had quite a long spell in the hospital returned to his home last week and in a greatly improved state of health.

*** Build a granary this year while lumber is cheap and you will have it to store your grain in for many years. Plenty of storage room saves you worry and makes you money. Atlas Lumber Co. Ltd., Joe Welch.

During the C.W.L. convention a big supper will be held in the I.O.O.F. hall by the delegates on Saturday October 24th to which all are invited.

*** With each NEW subscription to The Star, or each TWO-YEAR renewal we will give you an adult ticket to the Chautauque (Oct. 19-23) for ONE DOLLAR. Take advantage of this—you will save a whole dollar. We will give a child's ticket free for the same service.

The C.W.L. held their regular monthly meeting last Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Peterson with some 16 members present. President Mrs. Messier was in the chair. Quite a lot of business was completed and reports presented. The committees were also appointed for the big annual C.W.L. convention which is to be held in Wainwright on October 23-25 in the Wainwright hotel.

On Wednesday next, the big anniversary supper arranged by the ladies of St. Andrew's (Pres.) church will be held in the theatre from 5.30 to 7.30 p.m. Everyone is invited, and all are asked to make a point of attending this splendid annual function.

*** Keep out the cold and keep down the fuel bill. Order tight-fitting storm sash and doors from the Atlas Yard and have them put on before the real cold weather comes. Now is a good year to buy these and other permanent repairs as the prices are lower than for many years. Atlas Lumber Co. Ltd. Joe Welch, mgr. Phone 67-83.

THE ETERNAL LAW

I think the windflowers are in bloom
Down in a deep ravine,
And violets shyly hide their heads
Beneath their clustered green,
While in the over-hanging trees,
Bird-lovers woo, and sing,
The place is filled and thrilled with life.Awakened by the spring,
It does not seem so long ago
That in that same ravine
There were no flowers or singing birds.
But just the golden sheen
Of sunlight, through an autumn haze
And drifting autumn leaves—
The mystic sadness of the spell
That dying summer weaves.
A summer that I knew and loved
Has passed, and, in its stead,
My heart is touched by autumn's chill
And filled with winter's dread;
Yet, since I know that deep ravine
Is keeping firm with spring,
I'm sure that God's eternal law
Works out in everything.

—EUGENE CARNE

CARPET BOWLING

The Canadian National Recreation Association have arranged to operate Carpet Bowling exclusively this winter and the 1931-32 season will open October 1st, in the Masonic Hall.

The regular nights for playing will be Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays each week from 7.00 P.M. to 11.00 P.M. and the fee for the season, four months, including C. N. R. A. Membership Ticket for 1932, will be as follows:—
Gents \$3.50
Ladies \$2.50
Minors (15 to 19 yrs.) \$2.50
All fees payable strictly in advance.

For the greater convenience of players, children will not be admitted to the hall, and carpets will be for members use only. Plans are under way whereby participants can enjoy this popular winter pastime to the full and if prospective members have any suggestions to offer the Committee will be glad to consider same.

Remember the good time had last winter, get a Rink together and prepare for an even better winter's sport this year.

Tickets are now available at Washburn's Hardware Store, Cork's Jewelry Store or from the Committee. Be sure to get yours early and be on the first draw.

Mr. H. Messier is away on business at St. Paul for a few days this week.

Rev. W. Huston took charge of the United church service at Edgerton on Sunday last, where he administered the Sacrament as part of the day's service.

Our readers are advised to read the tax sale advt. by G.H. Edge M.D. appearing on page four this week, and if necessary act accordingly.

*** Give your children the advantages of a musical education; instruction in pianoforte is now being given—C. Lilly, Town.

Dr. Gordon Maynes will be moving into the house at present occupied by the Grogan family on Sixth avenue west as soon as the present tenant vacates. We learn that the present residence of the doctor has been rented to Mr. O'Callaghan of the Royal Bank.

In honor of Mrs. Gagnon, Mr. Bransard's mother, Mrs. Phil Bransard entertained last week before her guest left for the East. Quite a number motored out from town to wish her bon voyage to this lady before her departure.

*** The W.A. of the United church are planning an old-fashioned Thanks giving supper to be held in the I.O.O.F. hall on Wednesday, October 7th from 5.30 to 7.30 p.m. Popular price and the usual bounteous feed.

The pantry at the municipal hospital has this week been enriched by the splendid donation of two quart each of peaches, plums and beets from Mrs. Alec. Wikke, as well as a bag of potatoes, three sacks of cabbage and a sack of beets from Mr. A. S. MacLellan. The matron extends her thanks for these kindly gifts.

Mr. P. Jensen is confined to the hospital in Vermilion recovering from an operation for appendicitis which was performed recently.

*** It is poor economy to save money on fire insurance premiums! Don't let your insurance expire. Your peace of mind is worth the premium if you never have a fire; and if one happens—Oh, boy! that check comes in mighty handy.—Joe Welch specializes in fire insurance.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickson of Ontario stopped off for a few days visit with Mrs. Dickson's sister, Mrs. N. S. Kenny last week.

Mr. Hartley Richardson was in town last week making arrangements to move back here and resume his former position at the pump-house for the winter. He has been occupying a similar position near Camrose.

*** Keep your grain off the market and help boost the price. You will need some lumber for a granary, and will find this at the Atlas yard. Phone 57.

USE CANADIAN GRAPES

Canadian growers this year have to find a market for 22,000 tons of grapes. This gives a special opportunity for everyone to assist in building up the grape growing industry, by buying Canadian grown grapes. They are wholesome, healthful and refreshing, a delight whether used as dessert or in some other form.

Special Grape Juice Recipe
1 quart grapes 1 cup sugar
1 quart sealer

Thoroughly sterilize sealer; put in grapes and sugar; fill to overflowing with boiling water; seal and it is ready to put away. Ready to use in from one to three months. When made in this way grape juice will not ferment so long as it is kept sealed.

COST OF PROCRASTINATION TO YOU

Procrastination is the thief of —
Business customers, money.

Surely this is an arresting sentence. Does it grip you? Is it likely to jar you out of the indifferent attitude you have regarding the hindering habits so easy to form but so very, very hard from which to break away?

In every walk of life you find the procrastinator. Isn't he the aggravating individual?

Believe it or not, small town business men are credited with being among the worst offenders.

Procrastination has lost business. Procrastination has lost customers. Procrastination has lost money.

Yet we spend days in talking efficiency and cost finding systems. Isn't it a fact that the most uncommon thing is common sense?

In the matter of business principle and practice the business men should be made.

Now this medicine may be bitter but it will effect a cure for at least some of the complaints peculiar to most of us.—Ex.

DON'T WAIT

WE HAVE IN A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Radiants

Coal Heaters

Sunny Heaters

Circulator Heaters

SEE US. OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT

W. E. WASHBURN

—THE HARDWARE MAN—

PHONE 34

WAINWRIGHT

WE ARE NOW SHOWING A RANGE OF LADIES

Fall and Winter Coats

Sizes 15 years to size 42 at very moderate prices

LADIES FLEECE LINED BLOOMERS, IN MAUVE, PINK AND

PEACH COLORS

LADIES SILK STRIPE BLOOMERS, IN WINTER WEIGHT

GIRLS FLEECE LINED BLOOMERS, AGE 2 YEARS TO 14.

ALL AT VERY MODERATE PRICES

CLEANING & PRESSING DONE ON SHORTEST NOTICE

Agent for Fashion Craft and Tip Top Tailors. Koongora Coats made to measure by Tip Top Tailors at each \$27.00

A. SAWERS

LADIES, MEN'S & BOYS WEAR
AGENTS FOR TRUDEAU'S CLEANING & DYEING

JACK & JILL SHOES

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS. ALL SIZES IN OXFORDS AND STRAP SLIPPERS. HAVE YOU SEEN THE VISIBLE FITTERS WHICH NEVER MAKE A MISTAKE IN THE SIZE THE CHILD SHOULD WEAR?

Mackinaw Lined Smocks

FOR MEN ARE NOW IN. PRICED AT EACH \$3.00

Fancy Sport Mackinaws

FOR BOYS AND MEN

ALL WOOL FLANNELS

IN GOOD COLORS FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES AT YD. 60¢

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PHONE 1

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PRINTING TO THE STAR

Elite Theatre

DOINGS

THIS WEEK END

THURSDAY — FRIDAY — SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8 — 9 — 10

WILLIAM COLLIER AND PAULINE STARKE IN

"A Royal Romance"

A Columbia Comedy Drama and Columbia recording is always good. TWO SHORT SUBJECTS — FELIX THE CAT IN — THE BAND MASTER AND OSWALD THE RABBIT IN — SCREEN SNAPS

MATINEE SATURDAY AFTERNOON 2.30 P.M.

SATURDAY NIGHT SHOW AT 7.30 TO 10.30

DANCING AFTER THE SHOW UNTIL MIDNIGHT

LUMBER!



Now is the proper time to see about your lumber requirements for that new

GRANARY

STOCK RACK

BIN

OR

TRUCK & WAGON BOX

Build Your House, Barn or Other Building Now!

While lumber is cheap and haul it home while you haul your grain to town.

WAGON OAK

ALL KINDS OF

COAL

AND BLACKSMITH COAL

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PHONES 57 or 93